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HONORS TO THE FLAG.

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

THERE is no possession of a country which is more deeply revered, more consistently loved, or more loyally supported than its national flag. In our country is this especially true, for in that one emblem are embodied all the principles which our forefathers upheld, all the benefits of a century and a quarter of enlightened progress, and all the hope and assurance of a promising future.

The stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars, white on a field of blue, proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation which receives a new star with every state. Thus, the stars and stripes signify union and "in union there is strength."

The very colors have a significance. White stands for purity, red for valor and blue for justice, together forming a combination which it is our inherited privilege to honor and uphold.

It is not the flag of a king, or an emperor, or a president. It is the flag of the people, brought into being by their will, defended when necessary by their patriotism, and to which they turn for protection in time of danger. No matter into what parties our people may be divided, due to political beliefs and leanings, they all stand united under one flag. It is the emblem of unity, safety and faith.

Naturally, the outward manifestation of our devotion to the flag is to be observed more especially in the attitude toward it of our Army

and our Navy, since it is there that the flag is more constantly in evidence than elsewhere, and it is there that it has a well defined official status, laid down by law. In every army post, both here at home and in our foreign possessions, and on every war vessel of the United States, our flag floats in the breeze from sunrise till sunset, the honored emblem of a free people.

Every regiment in our military service is furnished by the government with a flag, or "color" as it is known officially, and on this flag are embroidered the names of all the battles in which the regiment has taken part. This flag is carried at regimental drills, parades and reviews, as well as in battle, and two armed men especially detailed as "color guard," always accompany the color sergeant, who is the color bearer.

Army regulations prescribe in detail what honors shall be paid to the flag and these regulations are implicitly and gladly observed. No matter how little one may relish the duty of showing the respect due to some military superior, he is always ready and glad to do honor to his flag. Whenever anyone in the military service of the United States passes near the unfurled colors, or whenever the flag passes before him, he is required to remove his cap in salute and if sitting he is required to rise and stand at "attention" until the flag has passed.

The authority of the flag is absolute. It is inferior in rank to no one. All persons, sub-

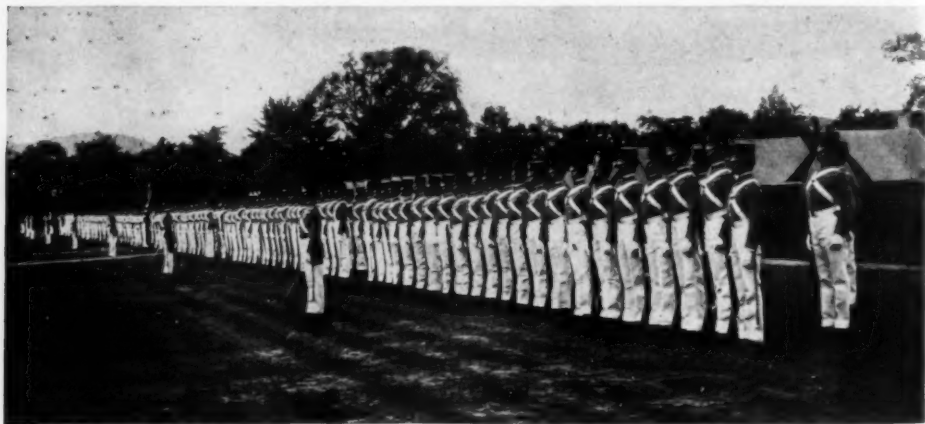
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ject to military discipline and customs, from the President of the United States who is the Commander-in-Chief, down to the newest recruit, are required by regulations to render the same honors to the flag.

There is always something inspiring to the visitor at West Point as he watches the ceremony of evening parade. The battalion of cadets is in line, rigid and motionless in the position of "parade rest," while the band,

the next time you have the opportunity, you will remark with what care and even tenderness the flag is received, folded and carried away by the corporal in charge of the flag detail, without its outer edges so much as touching the ground.

During the summer encampment at West Point, there is great rivalry among the cadets going on guard to see who will "get colors," that is, to see who will be selected by the



WEST POINT CADETS ON DRESS PARADE. THE COLORS IN THE CENTER OF THE BATTALION.

playing a lively march passes down the whole length of the line and returns again to its place on the right. Immediately the music stops, the fifes and drums begin to sound "retreat," and as the last note dies away, the sunset gun booms out its salute to the flag.

As the echoes reverberate among the historic hills and the smoke from the saluting cannon drifts upward and outward over the majestic Hudson, the cadet Adjutant calls the battalion to "Attention," the band strikes up the strain of "The Star Spangled Banner," and with the officers all standing at attention, facing the flag, their hands at the position of salute, and all civilians, men, women and children, honoring their country's emblem by rising and standing silent, the men with bared heads, the flag is lowered slowly—down, down—into the hands of the armed guard of soldiers detailed to receive it.

It is an unwritten law that the flag shall never touch the ground, and if you will notice,

adjutant as color sentinels. These color sentinels, three in number, are each day selected from the entire guard as being the most soldierly in appearance, and the most immaculate in dress and equipment.

Their duty is to act only as sentinels over the flag, while the other members of the guard are assigned to the posts about the body of the encampment. After the morning parade, the arms are stacked just behind the "color line," a path within the limits of the encampment and just outside the outer line of tents. The national colors and the gray and gold flag of the Corps of Cadets are laid lengthwise on the two central stacks, the tips of the staffs on one stack and the ferule ends on the other.

The color sentinel walks the color line, immediately in front of the long line of stacked arms, and it is his duty to allow no one to touch the colors and to see that no persons, whether they be cadets, officers, or civilians, pass in or out of camp around the ends of the

line of stacks without removing the cap and looking toward the flag as they cross the color line. Should anyone forget thus to comply with the regulations, it is the sentinel's duty to require him to go back and to uncover on crossing the line.

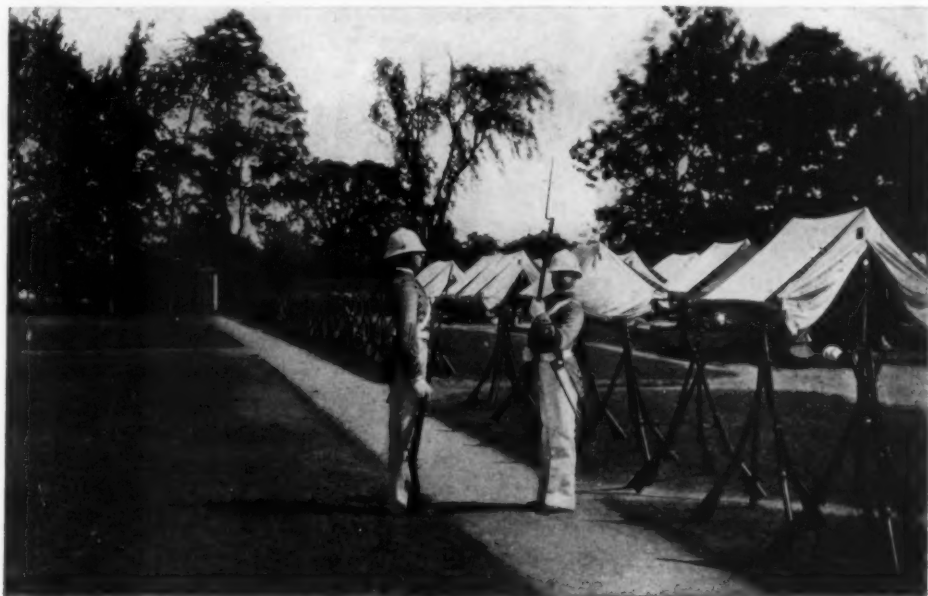
One day not so many years ago, a cadet just beginning his second year at the Academy was slowly pacing up and down the color line, his chest swelling with pride and appreciation of the Adjutant's selection of color sentinels that morning. As he turned about at the end of his beat and started on his return trip, he saw the Commandant of Cadets, a most exalted individual in cadet eyes, approaching the color line at the farther end. At the proper time, the cadet brought his rifle down to his most military "present arms" and turned

colors or color sentinel and passed on toward his office tent farther back in the camp.

With no thought except of his duty, the sentinel relaxed his set muscles and with arms at the "port," charged down the color line at "double time" in hot pursuit of the delinquent Commandant. As he neared the other end of his post, he called in tones as respectful as as they were positive:

"You will have to return across the color line, sir, and salute the colors."

The Commandant was surprised and, for the moment, apparently nettled at receiving this startling and unexpected order from a mere cadet. Then he realized the situation. He had clearly forgotten all about the existence of the line of stacks and the flags resting thereon and, intent on other matters, had



A CORPORAL OF THE GUARD QUESTIONING A COLOR SENTINEL.

his head slightly sideward to receive the salute of his superior officer when he should raise his cap to the colors.

To his surprise and consternation the Commandant never turned his head to right or left, but just walked straight across the color line without so much as noticing the existence of

absent-mindedly neglected his duty to them and the sentinel guarding them. Without further ado, he came back, meekly removed his hat as he approached, crossed the color line, turned about and crossed it again, and with no word to the sentinel passed on to his tent.

Needless to say the cadet was somewhat

agitated when the incident was all over, yet he knew what his orders were and felt that he had carried them out to the letter. Nevertheless he was in rather an uncertain state of mind, wondering what, if any, action the Commandant would take in the matter. He heard nothing of it during his tour of duty and it was not until the next evening at parade that he learned the Commandant's view of the affair. Imagine his surprise and that of all his comrades, who of course knew of it as soon as it happened, when an order was read by the Adjutant, appointing him a cadet Corporal for "strict and zealous execution of his duty in carrying out his orders as a color sentinel."

This is only one of numerous similar instances which go to show how exalted a position our country's flag holds and that no one is of sufficient rank or authority to omit paying it the respect which is its due.

On one occasion when a Major General of the United States Army was holding conversation with a cadet sentinel, making some inquiry or request, the interested crowd about the visitors' seats, who were watching the grizzled veteran and the trim young soldier, were surprised to see the cadet suddenly appear to forget the existence of his high-ranking companion and come from a "port arms," the position of a sentinel holding conversation, to a "present arms," and turn his head to one side, actually stopping in the middle of a sentence.

Instead of exhibiting surprise or wounded dignity at this unexplained action of the cadet, the general instantly divined the reason for it. He knew that he was superior in rank to any one at West Point that day and that the only salute that could be rendered in his presence by the cadet was to the colors. Turning in the direction indicated by the sentinel, he respectfully removed his hat and assumed the position of "attention," remaining in his attitude of silent respect, until the flag had passed, when the conversation was resumed as though no break had occurred.

One of the most touching, as well as the most beautiful examples of devotion to the flag is to be found in the records of our Civil War. The Sixteenth Regiment of Connecticut

Volunteers, after three days of the hardest and bloodiest of fighting, became convinced that defeat and capture by the enemy was imminent. The ranks were depleted and to hold out longer would only involve needlessly further sacrifice of life. But even in their hour of peril, the zealous patriots thought more of the fate of their battle-scarred flag than of their own. Just before the enemy made his final assault on the breastworks, the gallant colonel shouted to his men: "Whatever you do, boys, don't give up our flag; save that at any price." In an instant, the flag was torn from its staff and cut and torn into hundreds of small fragments, each piece being hidden about the person of some one of its brave defenders.

The survivors of the regiment, about five hundred in number, were sent to a prison camp, where most of them remained until the end of the war, each cherishing his mite of the regimental colors. Through long months of imprisonment many died from sickness brought on by exposure and terrible privation, and in all such cases the scraps of bunting guarded by the poor unfortunates were intrusted to the care of some surviving comrade.

At the end of the war, when the prisoners returned to their homes, a meeting of the survivors was held and all the priceless fragments of the flag were sewn together. But a very few pieces had been lost, so that the restored emblem was made nearly complete.

That flag, patched and tattered as it is, forms one of the proudest possessions of Connecticut to-day and is preserved in the state Capitol at Hartford, bearing mute testimony to the devotion of the brave men who were not alone ready and willing to die for it on the field of battle, but to live for it through long years of imprisonment in order that they might bring it back whole to the State that gave it into their hands to honor and defend.

In battle, there is no position more dangerous than that of color bearer, and at the same time there is none that is more earnestly coveted. The colors must be kept waving and it is one of the objects of the enemy to shoot down the bearer of the flag, hoping thereby to dishearten the men following it. In 1900, at the battle



COLOR BEARERS AND COLOR GUARD, U. S. CORPS OF CADETS.

of Tientsin, China, the color sergeant was shot through the thigh and seriously wounded. When he fell, General Liscum, who was in command of the American forces in China at that time, snatched the colors from the ground where they had fallen and himself held them aloft, a target for all the Chinese soldiers on the wall, until he too fell, pierced through the body and mortally wounded by a Chinese rifle ball. Such instances are so numerous that history is full of them, proving that there is no limit to the devotion of a soldier to his flag.

One of the last important orders issued by President Lincoln was that dated March 27, 1865, directing Major General Anderson to "raise and plant upon the ruins of Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor, the same United States flag which floated over the battlements of that fort during the rebel assault and which was lowered and saluted by him and the small force of his command when the works were evacuated on the 14th day of April, 1861."

"The flag, when raised," the order goes on to say, "will be saluted by one hundred guns from Fort Sumter and by a National Salute from every fort and battery that fired upon Fort Sumter."

The flag which was again to be raised over Fort Sumter had been carefully guarded through the years since it had been lowered in honorable defeat, with the time in view when it should again float in the breezes over Charleston harbor as a result of the success of the Union Army. But when that time did come, to whom were the honors paid, the salutes fired? There were present on this occasion Major General Anderson, who had commanded the fort when fired upon in 1861, and Major General William T. Sherman, whose military operations, after his famous "march to the sea," compelled the evacuation of Charleston; and yet it was the *flag* which

received homage, not they who had defended it at such great cost. They were merely present to show their allegiance and to join in the general thanksgiving for its restoration.

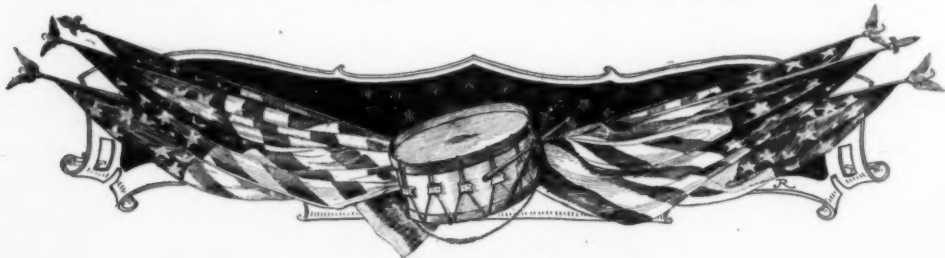
And this salute of one hundred guns in honor to the flag is more than has ever been fired in the United States to any living person, of whatever rank. The President, when visiting a military post receives as a salute only twenty-one guns.

Nor do we alone do honor to our flag. War vessels of foreign nations on entering one of our harbors or on passing near a fortification, display the flag of the United States at the main and salute it by firing twenty-one guns. As soon as this salute is fired the fort flying the flag acknowledges it by firing an equal number of guns. No matter what may be the rank of the officer commanding the fort, the Army Regulations specifically state that it is the flag which shall be saluted, and also that salutes to the flag are the only ones that shall be returned. The commanding officer is only an individual after all, while the flag represents the nation.

Our flag is beautiful at all times, but perhaps it is most beautiful when one suddenly comes upon it in a foreign country, proudly waving from the flag-staff of some one of our embassies, legations, or consulates.

All who have experienced this sensation will agree that there is something delightfully reassuring in the sight, something which produces a feeling of security and protection, sometimes even of homesickness, which nothing else can give.

In war, no captures are more highly prized than flags, and none will tempt soldiers to greater extremes of attack and defense. There is nothing a soldier will not do in the way of risking his life to prevent the capture or to accomplish the recapture of his flag.



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BY ELEANOR H. PORTER.

To Barbara it seemed that every boy and girl in town excepting herself had been given a surprise party. And how she wanted one!

The fifteenth—only ten days away now—was Barbara's twelfth birthday, and for weeks and months Barbara had been longing for a surprise party on that day. She had thought of it, dreamed of it, and even planned it all out, picturing just how she would act, and just how "surprised" she would be. But how in the world was she to bring it about? One couldn't tell one's friends that one wanted a surprise party at a certain time, and then expect to be surprised when the party arrived!

Barbara was greatly puzzled. She could see no way to bring her wish to pass, yet her longing for the party grew stronger and stronger every day.

It was on the sixth of the month that Barbara's big brother Frank said gaily:

"Well, Puss, I know somebody who is going to be twelve years old pretty soon. What does that somebody want for a present?"

Barbara caught her breath with a little cry. Her cheeks grew a deeper pink.

"Oh, Frank, if I only could have what I want!" she exclaimed.

"Well, well," laughed Frank! "so there is something you want! What is it?"

Barbara shook her head. "I can't tell," she almost sobbed.

"Nonsense! Tell? Of course you can tell," insisted her brother, good-naturedly. "Come—out with it, Puss!"

Again Barbara shook her head. This time two big tears rolled down her cheeks much to Frank's distress and amazement.

"Why, Barbara, you poor little girl!" he comforted. "Come, come, tell us all about it! Is it such a dreadfully big thing that you don't dare to ask for it? Maybe it costs a lot of money; is that it?"

"It is n't big at all,—" faltered Barbara; "that is, I would n't mind if it was n't big, if I only had one. And I don't think it costs much—not so very much, anyhow, 'cause Tom and Bessie and Mary Ellen have had them, and they 're poor—real poor. Everybody 's had them—only me," she finished, with a little break in her voice.

"But what is it?"

"I can't tell."

"But you'll have to tell—else how are we to get it?"

"But, Frank, don't you see?—I can't tell," reiterated Barbara, earnestly, "for if I do tell, it won't be—*it*, at all."

The young fellow sitting in the window-seat frowned. Frank was in college, and used to problems; but this was a poser.

"'It won't be it,'" he repeated slowly.

"Well, I give it up, Puss. You've got me this

time. Spell it, can't you? What letter does it begin with?"

"S," said Barbara, brightening. (If they only could "guess," it might come out right after all, she thought.) "It begins with the letter *s* and—and it's got a letter *p* in it."

"An 'SP'?"

Barbara nodded vehemently.



"BUT, FRANK, DON'T YOU SEE? I CAN'T TELL!"

"Yes," she cried.

"An SP, mused Frank, aloud. "Hm—n; must be 'soap,'" he declared quizzically.

Barbara uptilted her chin. She smiled, but her eyes were wistful as Frank left the room.

At the supper table that night the entire family made themselves merry over Barbara's SP. Frank started it.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began pompously, with a sweep of his two hands, "I have a problem to lay before you. A certain

young member of this family is approaching her twelfth birthday. Now, I am informed on unquestioned authority that in the line of presents she has one great and only desire; that she longs for this thing unceasingly; I even know for a fact that as she talks of it she weeps with eagerness. Now, ladies and gentlemen, no doubt to you this is a very simple proposition. You say: 'Let her tell what it is, and we will buy it.' But just there lies the trouble—she will not tell. She says she *cannot* tell; that if she does tell, there will be no present at all; 'it won't be *it*.' This much, and this only, do I know—it begins with the letter *s* and has a letter *p* in it. It is an SP. Now, ladies and gentlemen, the matter is in your hands. What is an SP?"

There was a general laugh around the table, in which even Barbara herself joined.

"How about a 'spoon'?" suggested Barbara's mother.

"Maybe it's a 'sponge,'" piped up the small boy at the foot of the table.

"Pooh! It's a 'silk petticoat,'" announced big sister May. "I'm sure that's an 'SP,' and I know Barbara wants one."

"But a silk petticoat does n't dissolve into nothing if you just mention it," cut in Frank, in pretended despair; "and this SP does."

"And you can't tell?" demanded Mr. Drew of Barbara.

"No, no, indeed I can't," stammered Barbara. "You see, if I did, I'd know, and it—it would n't be an SP at all; and—"

There was a sudden exclamation from Frank across the table; but, when questioned, the young fellow only laughed and declared that he had nothing to say. To Barbara the new light in his eye looked suspicious—and indeed he did wear a very wise air through all the rest of the meal.

The fifteenth came on Saturday, so there was no school. Barbara was awake and astir very early. She wondered at just what time the party would take place; she hoped that it would be early, with a supper of good things at six.

She tried to shut her eyes to her surround-

ings, but it seemed to her that the very air itself vibrated with mystery and excitement. She saw that the house was being put into specially fine order, and she noticed that every little while she caught a whiff of something particularly good from Bridget's oven.

The noon meal was a silent one. No one seemed to want to talk. As yet there had been no mention that it was Barbara's birthday; indeed, all reference to the SP had been dropped for several days.

At two o'clock Mrs. Drew suggested that Barbara put on her pink-sprigged muslin, saying:

"Then you will be all ready if we want to go and call on Bessie and her aunt a little later—we will see."

Barbara was scarcely dressed before Frank called her into the library.

"Puss, I have two puzzles here. Come in and see if you can work them out."

So into the library Barbara went, trying all the while to keep her feet from dancing, and her lips from smiling—as if she did n't know that Frank usually had other things to do than to stay at home in the middle of the afternoon and ask her to play with puzzles!

The library door was fast closed—Frank had seen to that—but still Frank talked on, patiently turning and twisting the thing in his hand—as if he thought she *could* be interested in a bit of perforated pasteboard and a string *now*! At last there came three distinct knocks on the floor above the library.

That those knocks meant something Barbara did not doubt for an instant. She had not long to wait before Frank spoke.

"Oh!" he said suddenly, as if he had just thought of something. "There's another puzzle in the parlor on the table. Suppose you run and get it; will you, please?"

With a skip and a bound Barbara was half across the room before he had stopped speaking. They were all there, of course—her *own* surprise party—just the other side of the parlor door, watching and waiting. How delightful it would be to surprise *them*!

She ran quickly to the door and threw it wide open.

"Why, what—" she began, then stopped short—there was no one there!

All the light and joy fled from Barbara's face as she looked about the silent, disappointing room. Could it be that they had not known after all?—that they had not guessed what she wanted?

Over by the window Barbara saw a big table laden with packages and a curious-looking card of pasteboard a foot or more long. Was that the puzzle Frank asked her to get? Very slowly she crossed the room and picked up the card.

"For Barbara," she read, written in her brother's clear, bold hand. "Each one is an SP. We got all we could think of. We hope that somewhere you'll find the one you want."

Barbara could have cried. The table was heaped with packages—big, little, and medium-sized—but she knew without opening a single one that her own beloved SP was not there; for surely one could not wrap up a surprise party in brown paper and tie it with a string!

She opened one package, then another, then a third. In spite of her disappointment, a smile crept to her lips, then a laugh—then another as she saw more and more of the contents of those packages. Some of the things were wonderfully pretty, and just what she wanted of their kind; others she did not know even by name—but that each was an "SP" she did not doubt at all, for had she not Frank's assurance of that?

There were thirty-five packages, and this is what they contained:

A spoon, a spool, a sponge, a spoke, a splint, a splasher, a spindle, a spigot, a spike, a stamp, a silk petticoat, some sugarplums, some sweet peppermints, a slate pencil, a small sprinkler, a spider (dead, fortunately, and in a neat little box), a sperm candle, a speller, a spread, a small sphere (with a map of the world upon it), a spiral spring, a sweet pickle, a spice cake, some sweet peas, some spaghetti, some soap, some spectacles, a silver pin, a sweet apple, a sour apple, some slippery elm, a spade and a spear (in miniature), some spurs, and some slippers.

Barbara was standing, half laughing, half crying, in the midst of this array, when she heard a subdued chuckle from the upper hall. The next instant there came the clatter of feet down the stairs, and the measured tread of steps along the hallway. Then in a wild group they dashed into the parlor—Bessie, Tom, Mary Ellen, Harry and all the rest, flushed, laugh-

ing, and bright-eyed, until they stood in a long line before Barbara and made a low bow.

"And we are the last SP," they chorused as they all wished her "many happy returns."

For a moment Barbara did not move. She gazed from one to another of the flushed,

was ready," chimed in Tom, gleefully; "and we brought an SP ourselves too—every single one of us!"

"Well, Puss, did you get the SP you wanted?" called Frank from the doorway.



"IN A WILD GROUP THEY DASHED IN."

laughing faces without speaking. Then suddenly she understood.

"It's the surprise party!" she cried joyously.

"Oh, you *did* come!"

"Of course we did!" exclaimed Bessie.

"And we came in quietly so that you could n't hear us!" cried Mary Ellen.

"And they hid us upstairs until everything

Barbara danced and clapped her hands.

"Oh, Frank, you *did* guess it, did n't you!" she exclaimed, running straight to his side.

"And, Frank, it's just splendid—they're all splendid—every single SP!"

"S-P-lendid, eh? Glad to hear it," laughed Frank; "and, by the way, Puss, there's another SP coming, you know, and that is—*supper!*"

THE CRIMSON SWEATER.

BY RALPH HENRY BARBOUR.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE HOCKEY CHAMPIONSHIP IS DECIDED.

ROY had passed his examinations without flunking in a thing, and while that may not sound like much of an achievement to you who doubtless are accustomed to winning all sorts of honors, it pleased him hugely.

Those examinations left Horace Burlen in a peck of trouble. He had failed in two studies and was consequently ineligible for crew work until he had made them up. And as Horace was Crew Captain and Number Three in the boat the whole school became interested in his predicament. To his honor be it said, however, that he went to work at once to make them up, and Mr. Buckman, who was the rowing coach and adviser, helped him to the utmost extent that the rules allowed.

Meanwhile there was the ice hockey supremacy to be determined. Ferry Hill had scored another victory, this time over the Whittier Collegiate Institute team, twelve goals to nine, and had practised diligently and enthusiastically every possible moment. And so when, on a bright, cold Saturday afternoon, Hammond crossed the river for the third and deciding contest, Ferry Hill was in high feather and was looking for a victory.

A haughty spirit goeth before a fall!

Ferry Hill's team was made up as in the first game of the series save that Gallup was at point in place of Bacon, who had fallen back to the second team. The ice was hard and smooth, the barriers were lined with spectators, the cheers of Hammond and Ferry Hill arose alternately into the still, frosty air, Harry watched breathlessly with Spot in her arms and Mr. Cobb tossed a puck into the center of the rink and skated back.

"Ready, Hammond?"

"Ready, Ferry Hill?"

Then the whistle piped merrily, Warren

secured the puck and passed it back to Kirby and the game was on. Skates rang against the ice as the brown-clad forwards spread out across the rink and raced for the opponent's goal. Kirby passed to Roy, Roy passed across to Warren, Warren overskated, Rogers doubled back and rescued the disk, passing it across to Roy again, Hammond's right-end charged, Roy slipped past him against the barrier and got the puck once more, eluded the cover-point and passed to Warren, Warren worked the puck to within ten feet of the net and, with half the team hitting and hacking at his stick, shot the first goal. Ferry Hill, 1; Hammond, 0.

But Hammond broke up the attack very nicely the next time, secured the puck and charged down the rink like a troop of cavalry. Gallup was decoyed to the left, Hadden was caught napping and the whistle blew. Ferry Hill, 1; Hammond, 1. Hadden remorsefully kicked the snowy disk of rubber out from the net and smote it wrathfully with his stick.

"My fault, Roy," he said.

"That's all right," answered the captain. "Gallup, you were out of place that time. Remember that you take the puck and not the man. All together now, fellows, get after them!"

Hammond secured the puck at the face and for several minutes the battle raged hotly, now here, now there. Hadden stopped two tries neatly, Chub stole the disk from a Hammond forward and took it down the rink, skating like a cyclone—if cyclones may be said to skate—only to miss his try at goal by a bare two inches. Twice play was stopped for off-side work and once Warren was cautioned by Mr. Cobb against roughness. Then, when the Hammond point had lifted the puck far down the rink, Gallup was slow in returning it and the speedy Schonberg was down on him like a flash, had stolen the puck from under his nose, and, charging past Chub, who had come to

the rescue, had shot it between Hadden's feet for the third goal.

After that Fortune favored Hammond while the half lasted. Her players worked like one

"I never saw better team-work," he finally muttered. "Well, it's all in a lifetime."

"But, look at the experience they've had," said Kirby. "I'll bet that next year we'll —"

Roy turned on him sharply.

"That'll do for you," he answered. "Never mind next year, think of the next half. Time enough for next year when we're beaten."

Roy sat watching the second team and the substitutes snatching a scrub game during the intermission, set his jaws together and resolved that if Hammond added to her present score it would be only after the hardest playing she had ever done!

"You're not going to let them win, are you, Roy?"

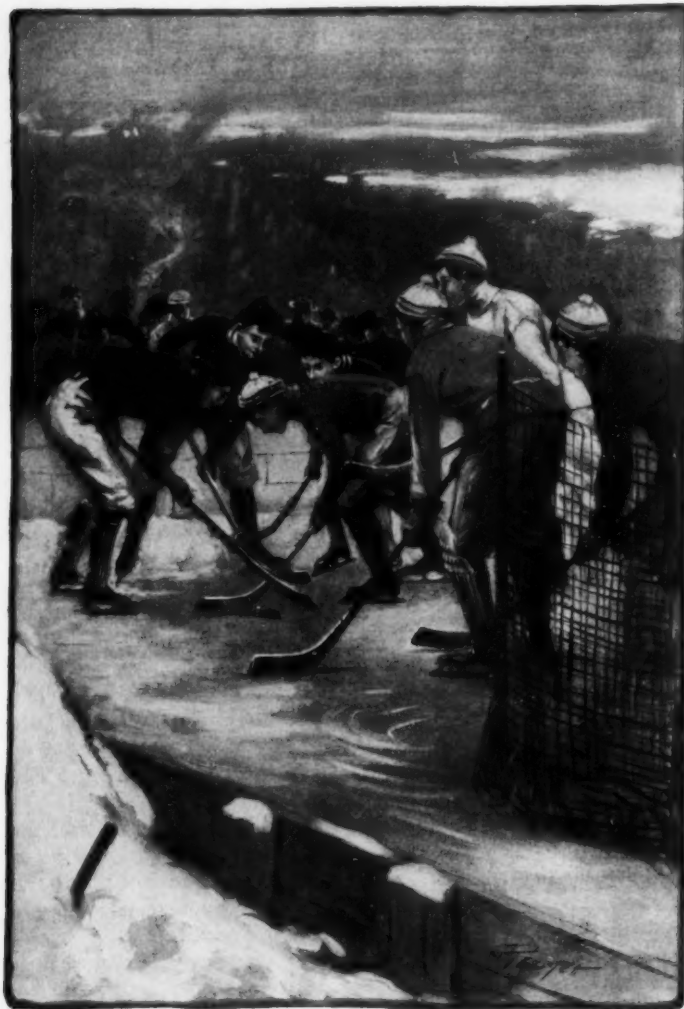
Roy turned to find Harry beside him with Spot wriggling and twisting in her arms. Roy petted him and had his cheek licked before he replied.

"I'm afraid we can't keep them from beating us, Harry," he answered, "but we're going to make a lot better showing in this half than we did in the last."

"Does your wrist hurt?" asked Harry,

glancing solicitously at the silk bandage about it. Roy shook his head.

"No, but it is n't right strong yet and Mr. Cobb thought I'd better wear this rather than run any danger of putting it out of place again. How's Methuselah?"



THE FINAL GAME BETWEEN FERRY HILL AND HAMMOND.

man instead of seven and when the whistle blew the score looked frightfully one-sided: Hammond, 5; Ferry Hill, 1.

"I guess they're too much for us," panted Jack as he struggled into his sweater. Roy said nothing, but nodded soberly.

"Fine and dandy," answered Harry cheerfully. "You must come and see him; I think he gets rather dull sometimes. I've got some more white mice. That makes sixteen. I wish I knew what to do with them. Dad says I'll have to kill them, but I just couldn't do it."

"Why not turn them loose?" asked Roy. Harry giggled.

"I tried that and some of them came back and went up to John's room and he found one in his boot in the morning. He was terribly mad about it. John's very quick tempered, you know."

"John's a brute," said Roy. "How about the squabs?"

"Oh, they're coming fast! There are twelve already. I—I wish they wouldn't hatch. I hate to have them killed."

"Mighty fine eating, squabs," said Roy teasingly. Harry shot an indignant glance at him.

"Any person who'd eat a squab," she cried, "deserves to be — to be —"

But Roy didn't learn what such a person deserved, for at that moment Mr. Cobb summoned the teams out again. Roy peeled off his crimson sweater, looked to his skate straps and called to Jack. When the latter had skated up Roy talked to him earnestly for a moment.

"All ready, Porter?" cried Warren.

"About six or eight feet from the corner of the goal," finished Roy. "And bang it in without waiting for anything. Understand?"

Jack nodded and the two skated to their places.

The larger part of the second half was an alternation of encouragement and disappointment for both sides until ten minutes before the end. The score was then 6 to 2 in favor of Hammond.

Ferry Hill had the puck in the middle of the ice and her forwards flew to their places. Down the rink they charged, the disk flying from Kirby to Warren, from Warren to Jack Rogers and ultimately from the latter's stick past goal's knees into the net. Hammond, 6; Ferry Hill, 3.

There were eight minutes more to play. Ferry Hill seemed to have found her pace at last, per-

haps the last two goals had encouraged her. At all events she played as she had never played all season. Roy was a streak of greased lightning, Jack was a tornado, Warren and Kirby shot about as though they had wings on their shoes instead of mere steel runners, Chub was a bulldog and a fierce and speedy one, Bacon seemed to have eyes in the back of his head and Hadden was invulnerable. Ferry Hill was forcing the playing now and for minutes at a time she appeared to have things all her own way. Only the Hammond goal-tend saved the day for the Cherry and Black. Time and again he was the only defense left and time and again he turned seeming success into failure for the swooping enemy. Then came another carrom back of goal, again Jack was on the spot and once more the Ferry Hill sticks danced in air. Hammond, 6; Ferry Hill, 4!

Hammond was beginning to show herself tuckered. Her right-center was plainly played out and gave his place to a new man. Even Schonberg exhibited signs of failing strength and no longer played with the dash and brilliancy with which he had begun the contest. And as the enemy weakened, Ferry Hill strengthened. Schonberg went to the ice and his stick flew out of his hand while Roy flew on with the puck slipping along in front of him. Kirby sent cover-point out of the play, the disk slid along the snowy ice to Warren and he lifted it at goal. Goal-tender stopped it with his knee, slashed it aside and crouched at the corner of the net. Roy turned on his heel, found the puck as it flew by and rushed back to goal. The whole Hammond team was about him and sticks banged and whizzed. It was a bedlam of cries and whacks and the grind of steel on ice. Science was forgotten for the moment; Hammond was fighting tooth and nail to drive back the invader. Once the puck was wrested from Ferry Hill and shot back up the ice to the middle of the rink, but Chub was awaiting it and brought it back, speeding along like an express train. He passed to Kirby in time to fool a Hammond forward, dodged, received the puck again and charged down on goal, dispersing the foe by the sheer impetus. Sticks flew about his feet and point threw himself at him. Then came a quick side pass to

Roy, the sharp sound of stick against puck and the ring of the iron post as the hard rubber disk struck it and glanced in. Five to six, and Ferry Hill coming all the time! How the brown-decked boys along the sides yelled! Mr. Cobb consulted the time-keeper.

"Two minutes left!" he called, sharply.

winging straight for the goal. But a gloved hand met it and tossed it aside. Roy swung circling back and passed across to Jack. Another shot, this time wide of the net. Schonberg and Jack fought it out in the corner and Jack rapped the disk out to Warren. The Hammond cover-point checked his stick and



"QUIET FELL OVER FOX ISLAND." [SEE PAGE 787.]

"Time enough to win in!" shouted Roy.

"Sure!" answered Jack triumphantly. With sticks gyrating they sped back to their positions. But Hammond was in no hurry now and the time-keeper kept his eyes carefully on his stop-watch until finally the whistle shrilled again. Then back to the fray went the brown jerseys and over the ice sped the Ferry Hill skates. A rush down the rink and again the Hammond goal was in danger. A quick swoop of Warren's stick and the puck was

secured the disk, shooting it down the rink. A Hammond forward got it but was off-side. Warren joined him and they faced near the center. A quick pass to Jack and the forwards turned and dug their blades into the ice. Down they came, charging and passing, past cover-point, past point, and then —

Out shot goal and away to the left rolled the puck. Roy, turning after it, shot a quick glance at the time-keeper. Then he was fighting with a Hammond man for possession of the elusive

black disk, their bodies crashing against the boards and their sticks flying hither and thither! But Warren came to the rescue, poked the puck out from under the Hammondite's skate and passed it across to Kirby in front of goal. Another try and another stop by the Cherry's goal-tend. And so it went and so went the precious seconds. And then, suddenly, with the puck within a yard of goal once more and Roy's stick raised for a shot, the whistle rang out.

"Time's up!" announced Mr. Cobb.

Roy skated fiercely.

"It can't be up!" he cried, skating toward the referee.

"It is, though," was the answer.

"That's perfect nonsense!" said Roy hotly. "You said there were two minutes left just a minute ago!"

"That'll do, Porter," said Mr. Cobb coldly.

Roy dropped his eyes, swallowed something hard in his throat and examined a cut on his hand. Then, "Beg pardon, sir," he said. "This way fellows! A cheer for Hammond—and make it good!"

Well, it was n't very good. But then you can scarcely blame them when another second would perhaps have tied the score. But they cheered, and Hammond answered it; and the hockey season had ended with a defeat for Ferry Hill. Schonberg skated over to Roy and held out his hand.

"You had us on the run," he said. "If we'd played five minutes longer you'd have won. You've got a slick team, all right! How about next year? You're going to keep the team up, aren't you?"

"Sure," answered Roy. "And we're going to lick you, too!"

The rival captain laughed good-naturedly.

"That's right. We've had a dandy time playing you chaps and we'll be ready again next year. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," answered Roy as graciously as he could. "Glad you fellows came over."

He turned and found Jack beside him.

"Say, Jack," he asked, "what's the longest period of time you can think of?"

"I don't know," answered Jack soberly. "What's the answer?"

"One year," was the glum reply.

VOL. XXXIII.—99.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON FOX ISLAND.

SPRING came suddenly that year. They woke up one morning to find the river flowing warmly blue and free of ice, the walks running with crystal water and the bricks steaming in the fervid sunshine. Winter had disappeared over night and Spring had come to its own again. With the awakening of the new season came the awakening of new interests. The crew candidates, who for weeks past had been toiling ingloriously at the rowing machines in the basement of the gymnasium, went trooping down the path to the river and launched their shells. The baseball candidates who had been throwing, and batting in the cage and sliding to bases over the hard floor trotted out to the field in search of a dry spot whereon to hold their first outdoor practice. With the former went Horace Burlen, free at last, in spite of his enemies' croakings, of all conditions, and Hadden and Gallup and Whitcomb and Otto Ferris and others. With the baseball candidates went Chub, Roy, Bacon, Kirby, Post and many more. And—oh, yes—and Sid Welch!

"I don't see why I could n't be a fielder," exclaimed Sid good-naturedly. "You'll give me a show for an outfield place, won't you, Chub?"

"That I will, Sid," answered Chub heartily. "You come along out and we'll see what you can do. First of all, though, we'll take a little of that fat off you."

"I've been trying to get rid of it," Sid replied earnestly and sadly, "but it does n't seem to do any good. I have n't eaten any bread or potato or puddin' for days!"

"Never mind the bread and potato, Sid," said Chub with a laugh. "I know a better way."

"What?" asked the other interestedly.

"Chasing flies, my boy!" was the answer.

Training table was started the middle of April, with Mr. Cobb in command. By that time the candidates had been weeded out until there were but fourteen left. The "culls," as Chub called them, went toward the making up of the second team. There was practice every afternoon save Sunday, usually ending with a short game with the second nine, the latter

strengthened by the presence of Mr. Cobb who played first base or pitched as occasion required. Roy bought a rule-book early in the season and studied it diligently, following it up later with an invaluable blue-covered pamphlet which told him exactly how to play every position on the team. In the end, however, he discovered that the best way to learn baseball is to play it.

Chub started him at left-field and kept him there until he had learned to judge a ball, catch it and field it home. It was hard work, but Roy liked it. Sometimes, however, he doubted whether he would ever vindicate Chub's belief in him. There seemed an awful lot to learn and he envied the ready thought displayed by the fellows who had been playing the game for several years. I think that Chub would have strained a point to keep Roy with him as long as it did not endanger the success of the team, for by this time the two were well-nigh inseparable. But it very soon became evident that no favoritism was necessary; Roy deserved a place on the nine by virtue of his ability. By the middle of April he was having a try at first, and two weeks later he had succeeded to the position, vice Patten removed to the outfield.

It did n't take him long to accustom himself to the place and its requirements. As Chub had said, he had height and reach, was quick and steady and clear-headed. Of course there was talk; disgruntled fellows who had failed at making the team sneered at Chub's favoritism, and Horace found time from his rowing duties to try and stir up discord amongst the baseball men. But Patten, who had more cause than anyone else to feel dissatisfied, had nothing to say. He had sense enough to realize that Chub had given the position to the best man, and enough of the right sort of spirit to be satisfied, so long as it was for the good of the team and the school. Patten went out to right-field, stifled his disappointment and "played ball."

Chub must have been right. Unless he "has it in him" no boy can learn to play baseball well in three months, as Roy did. Perhaps, though, Mr. Cobb's coaching deserves more credit than I am giving it. He certainly

worked hard with Roy. And so did Chub. And the other members of the nine, amongst whom Roy was highly popular, helped, perhaps unconsciously, to give him self-confidence in the early days of his novitiate. So, it seems, the Fates worked together to fashion him into a baseball player. Perhaps the first or second four lost a good oar when Roy chose baseball instead of rowing; be that as it may, it is certain the nine found a good first baseman.

Saturday was the first day of the April recess and Roy and Chub spent the morning on the river. They paddled down stream for a mile or more in the canoe and fished, but with scant success. In the afternoon came baseball practice which ended with a six-inning game with a Silver Cove team. Sunday was rather dull, for it rained torrents. Chub, Roy, Gallup and Post donned rubber coats or old sweaters in the afternoon and took a long tramp inland. But Monday morning dawned bright and fresh and as soon as breakfast was over the fellows, under Mr. Buckman's direction, began the overhauling of the camping outfit. The four big tents were pulled from their quarters in the boat house, spread out on the landing and gone over for holes or weak places. Then lost pegs were replaced, new guy-ropes supplied, and a broken ridge-pole was mended. Dinner was rather a hurried meal that day, for every fellow—and there were twenty odd left at school—was eager to get into camp. At three o'clock the tents and outfits were loaded into row boats and transferred to the island. All afternoon boats went back and forth on errands; baking powder had been forgotten, Gallup wanted his camera, someone had neglected one of the hatchets on the landing, cook had neglected to grind the coffee before packing it, four more blankets were needed, Mr. Buckman wanted a roll of adhesive plaster and a bottle of arnica. Meanwhile the tents were erected, the old cook-stove was set up and fuel gathered. At five o'clock, Kirby, under Mr. Buckman's tuition, began the preparation of the first meal. Roy and Chub and half a dozen others built the camp fire in the open space between the tents, piling up the brush and slanting the dead limbs above it until the whole looked like an Indian wigwam. Then came supper: bacon,

potatoes, tea, milk and "spider cake," the latter an indigestible but delightful concoction of thin flour batter poured into the frying pan and cooked until nice and soggy.

After supper the camp-fire was lighted, the fellows spread themselves out on the ground about it and the camp went into executive session.

At nine o'clock the fellows sought their quarters and made their beds, for which purpose plenty of pine and hemlock boughs had been cut and piled in the clearing. Each tent was supplied with a lantern which swung from the ridge-pole. A rustic bench held a half-dozen tin wash-basins and a looking-glass was hung from a tree near by. By half-past nine preparations for the night were complete and the boys gathered again about the dying fire. Then good nights were said, though for some time the sound of laughter was heard. Then quiet fell over Fox Island and a big moon, coming up over the tree tops, paled the glow of the dying embers where the camp-fire had been.

CHAPTER XX.

A NIGHT ALARM.

Fox Island lay about two hundred yards off shore and perhaps thrice that distance upstream from the landing. It contained between an acre and a half and two acres, was beautifully wooded, stood well above flood tide and was surrounded on two sides by beaches of clean, white sand. Doctor Emery had purchased the island some years before; primarily, to keep away undesirable neighbors, and had soon discovered that it was a distinct addition to the school's attractions. The spring camping-out soon became one of the most popular features of the year.

The next morning Chub and Bacon did the honors of the island, conducting Roy from end to end and pointing out the historical spots, among them Victory Cove, so named because it was the scene of the first struggle between Hammond and Ferry Hill for the possession of the latter's boats, a struggle in which the campers came out victorious. "The next year," explained Chub, "they got the best of us and swiped four boats and we had to go

over and get them back. But that did n't change the name of the cove." It was ten o'clock when they got back to camp and found most of the fellows preparing for a bath. They followed suit and presently were splashing and diving in the water off Inner Beach. It was pretty cold at first, but they soon got used to it. Afterwards they laid in the sun on the white sand until Thurlow thumped on a dish pan with a big spoon and summoned them to dinner. Bathing suits were kept on until it was time to return to the mainland for afternoon practice. The island was practically deserted then, for but few of the campers were neither baseball nor crew men.

"Who's going to stay here?" asked Chub before he pushed off the boat. Four boys answered.

"Well, you fellows keep a watch for Hammond. They'll be paddling over here pretty soon, probably to-day or to-morrow, to see where we're keeping the boats. If they come around don't let them see you, but keep close watch till we come back."

The quartette promised eagerly to keep a sharp look-out and Chub and Roy dipped their oars and rowed across to the landing.

Nothing had been seen of Hammond's spies all that day and so the camp of boys went to bed without posting guards that night.

"I don't see," observed Roy as he was undressing, "why we don't tie the boats up if we're afraid of having Hammond swipe them."

"Well, it would n't be fair, I guess," Chub answered. "You see we've always left them on the beach. If we tied 'em Hammond would n't have any show to get them."

"You talk as though you wanted her to get them," said Roy in puzzled tones.

"We do; that is, we want her to try and get them. If we take to tying them to trees and things Hammond will stop coming over and we'll miss more'n half the fun of the camping. See?"

"You bet!" grunted Post.

"What's to keep her from coming over to-night, then," pursued Roy, "and taking the whole bunch while we're asleep?"

"Because she does n't know where they are,

silly!" replied Chub. "You don't expect those fellows are going to row across here and then go hunting all about the island in the dark, do you? They always come spying around in the daytime first and see where the boats are hauled up."

It was raining that morning when they arose, but the rain could n't quench their enjoyment. A shelter tent was put up and they all crowded under it for breakfast. Roy was assistant cook that day.

It had stopped drizzling during the afternoon and practice had been held on a very wet diamond. At camp-fire Thurlow had brought out his banjo and got them all to singing. That seemed to raise Chub's spirits some; it did him good, he declared, to howl. Later it started in drizzling again and the campers went to bed early, tying the tent flaps securely ere they retired.

It was black night when Roy awoke. He could n't even see the canvas overhead. He wondered what had awakened him and listened to the deep breathing about him for a moment. Perhaps Post had talked in his sleep; he often did. Roy turned over again and closed his eyes. Then he opened them quickly. From somewhere came a sound as though a boat was being drawn across the pebbles of a beach. He listened intently, but heard nothing more. He had imagined it, he told himself sleepily. But he was n't satisfied. After a moment he heard it again, that grating noise. He reached toward Post, about to awaken him, thought better of it and scrambled noiselessly out of bed. After all it was hardly probable that Hammond had visited them without giving the usual notice; it would n't be playing fair and Chub would be frightfully pained and grieved! Roy smiled to himself as he hastily drew on his trousers and coat over his pajamas, and picked up the first pair of shoes that came to hand. He tried to find the cords which lashed the tent flap close. There was no use in waking the whole crowd up unless there was some reason for it. He would

just look around a bit first — if he could ever get out of the fool tent! Then the last cord gave way and he slipped out into the darkness.

The camp-fire was long since out and the shower had drowned even the embers. It was no longer raining, but the ground was wet underfoot and the grass and low growth threw drops against his bare ankles. It was not quite so black outside here as it had been in the tent, and in the east a rift in the clouds hinted of the moon, but it was too dark to see much of anything. Roy felt his way across the clearing, stumbled over a peg as he crept past one of the tents and shook a shower of raindrops from a young pine as he went sprawling into the underbrush. It was very damp there on the ground and pine needles and grass and twigs were plastered to his hands, but he lay still a moment and listened. Surely, if there was anyone round they could n't have failed to hear him crash into the bushes! All was still for an instant; then there was a subdued splash as though someone had unintentionally plunged his foot into water. Roy cautiously lifted his head. Now came a whisper; another answered from a distance; an oar creaked in its lock.

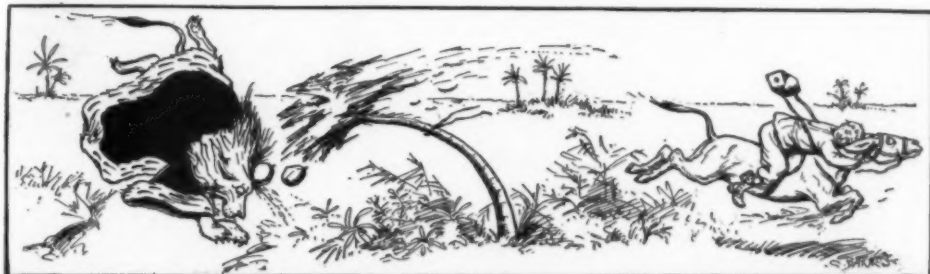
Only a fringe of pines and underbrush divided Roy from the Inner Beach which was here some thirty feet wide. As noiselessly as possible he stood up and stared into the darkness ahead. It seemed that he could distinguish forms moving about, but he decided that an excited imagination was to blame. Cautiously he pressed through the bushes, which, being wet, gave little sound as their branches whipped back. Then he was on the edge of the pebbles. And just as he raised his foot to step forward again the moon broke forth from the broken clouds and he stopped short, stifling the cry that sprang to his lips.

In the sudden flood of dim light the edge of the stream seemed fairly alive with boats, while right in front of him, so near that but a very few steps would have reached him, a dark figure was kneeling in his path.

(To be continued.)

PHOTOGRAPHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

THE SITTER OBJECTS, BUT THE PHOTOGRAPHER GETS THE PICTURE.





THE GREAT SEAL of the UNITED STATES

BY
THOMAS W. LLOYD



It is a fact not generally known, and yet one of peculiar significance, that the great seal of the United States, which was adopted in 1782, was suggested by a citizen of a country with which our own was then at war.

The history of the great seal, and the difficulties which beset those having in charge the matter of selecting a suitable and satisfactory design, is full of interest. Soon after the Declaration of Independence was signed, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, and John Adams were appointed a committee to prepare a great seal for the infant republic. They employed a French West Indian, named Du Simitière, to furnish designs and sketches; but, although a number were suggested, none proved satisfactory.

Then each member of the committee was asked to submit a design. Franklin proposed for the device Moses lifting his wand and dividing the Red Sea, and Pharaoh and his hosts overwhelmed with waters, and for a motto, the words of Cromwell: "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God." Adams proposed the choice of Hercules; the hero resting on a club, Virtue pointing to her rugged mountain on the one side, and persuading him to ascend, and Sloth, on the other side, glancing at her flowery beds and persuading him into vice. Jefferson proposed the Children of Israel in the wilderness, led by a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night; and on the reverse side, Hengist and Horsa, the Saxon chiefs from whom we claim the honor of being descended, and whose political principles and form of government we have assumed. Jefferson was then requested by his colleagues to combine their separate ideas into one design, which he did; and this description, in his own handwriting, is still on file in the State Department. This design consisted of a shield with six quarterings. The first, gold,

with an enameled rose, red and white, for England; the second, white, with a thistle in its proper color, for Scotland; the third, green, with a harp of gold, for Ireland; the fourth, blue, with a golden lily, for France; the fifth, gold, with the imperial black eagle of Germany; and the sixth, gold, with the Belgic crowned red lion, for Holland. These denoted the countries from which America had been peopled. He proposed to place this shield within a red border, on which there should be thirteen white escutcheons, linked together by a gold chain, each bearing appropriate initials, in black, of the thirteen original States. "There were supporters on either side of the shield, the one on the right being the Goddess of Liberty in a corselet of armor, in allusion to the then state of war, and holding a spear and cap in her right hand, while the left supported the shield. On the left was the Goddess of Justice, leaning on a sword in her right hand, and in her left a balance. The crest was the eye of Providence, in a radiant triangle, whose glory extended over the shield and beyond the figures. The motto was "E Pluribus Unum" — "One out of many." For the reverse, he proposed the device of Pharaoh sitting in an open chariot, a crown on his head and a sword in his hand, passing through the waters of the Red Sea in pursuit of the Israelites, — rays from a pillar of fire in a cloud, expressive of the divine presence and command, beaming on Moses, who stands on the shore and, extending his hand over the sea, causes it to overwhelm Pharaoh and his followers. Motto: "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God."

Jefferson's device met with the unqualified approval of his associates, and the committee reported to the Continental Congress on August 10, 1776; but, for some unaccountable reason, their report was never acted upon.

Nothing further was done in the matter until March 24, 1779, when another committee, composed of Messrs. Lovell of Massachusetts, Scott of Virginia, and Houstoun of Georgia, was appointed to make another device.

They suggested a design four inches in diameter, one side of which should be composed of a shield with thirteen diagonal red and white stripes. This shield was supported on one side by a warrior, holding a sword, and on the other by the figure of Peace bearing an olive branch. The crest was a radiant constellation of thirteen States; motto, "Bello vel Pace"—"For War or Peace"; and the legend, "Seal of the United States." On the reverse, the figure of Liberty seated in a chair, holding the staff and cap. Motto, "Semper"—"Forever," and, underneath, "MDCCLXXVI."

This device met with the same neglect at the hands of Congress as the former, and the matter remained in abeyance until 1782, when another committee was appointed. They reported substantially the same device as the former committee, but this being still unsatisfactory, Congress, on the third day of June, 1782, referred the whole matter to its secretary, Charles Thomson. He in turn procured several devices, but they met with no better fate than their predecessors, and after vainly trying to perfect a seal which should meet the approval of Congress, Thomson received from John Adams, then in London, an exceedingly simple and appropriate device which was suggested by Sir John Prestwich, a baronet of the west of England, who was an accomplished antiquarian and a warm friend of America. It consisted of an escutcheon bearing thirteen perpendicular stripes, alternate red and white, with the chief blue and

spangled with thirteen stars. And to give it greater consequence, he proposed to place the escutcheon on the breast of an American eagle, displayed, without supporters, as emblematic of self-reliance.

This device met with universal approval, in and out of Congress, and was adopted in 1782. It remains to this day the Great Seal of the United States, unchanged in the slightest degree from the day of its adoption. Stripped of heraldic technicalities, it may be described as follows:

An escutcheon of thirteen perpendicular stripes, alternate red and white; a blue field; this escutcheon on the breast of an American eagle, displayed, holding in its right talon an olive branch, and in its left a bundle of thirteen arrows; in its beak a scroll inscribed with the motto, "E Pluribus Unum." For the crest over the head of the eagle, which appears above the escutcheon, a golden glory breaking through a cloud and surrounding thirteen stars forming a constellation of white stars on a blue field.

The reverse is an unfinished pyramid. In the zenith is an eye in a triangle surrounded with a glory. Over the eye are the words, "Annuit coeptis"—which may be freely translated as "God has favored the undertaking." On the base of the pyramid are the letters in Roman numerals, MDCCLXXVI, and underneath is the motto, "Novus ordo seclorum"—"A new order of the ages," denoting that a new order of things had commenced in the Western Hemisphere.

Thus, after six years of fruitless effort, a very simple seal was adopted and yet remains the arms of the United States.



The Magic Teapot

(A Chinese Fairy Story.)

BY FLORENCE PELTIER.

"HAI YAH!" exclaimed Wang Er, jumping out of bed and running to the window. "What can be going on?"

The sun was only just beginning to show its great red face above the hilltops, so it was not very light out of doors. But Wang Er's sharp eyes recognized the Emperor's heralds passing by the tiny hut where he and his mother lived all alone.

"Hear! hear!" lustily shouted the heralds. "The princess, the august emperor's only child, has been stolen! Upon him who restores her to her royal father there will be bestowed not only rare jewels, but a high degree of scholarship!"

"I hope the poor princess is being treated well," said Wang Er, as he turned from the window and began dressing.

After breakfast Wang Er went out in the tiny vegetable garden to pull up weeds; but scarcely had he begun when he saw before him the tiniest, daintiest, loveliest shoe imaginable. It was made of silk, heavily embroidered and encrusted with pearls and rubies.

When Wang Er had recovered from his astonishment enough to be able to move, he picked up the shoe and carried it to his mother, who said at once:

"Surely this is the princess's shoe, and finding it here means that the poor child has been

stolen by the *fung-shui* (evil fairies) and hidden in the cave."

"Of course!" exclaimed Wang Er. "I was stupid not to think of that."

Not far from this little home was a vast cave that people dared not go near, much less enter, because the farmers who lived near by had so many vegetables stolen from their gardens, and found so many strange, tiny footprints, that there could be no doubt at all but that evil fairies dwelt in the cave.

There was nothing cowardly about Wang Er, and, after a few minutes of deep thought, he said very decidedly:

"I must go into the cave and try to rescue the princess."

His mother began to weep, and sobbed:

"Oh, my son! my son! the terrible *fung-shui* will kill you!"*

"Mother," answered Wang Er, tears in his own eyes, "your son will obey you implicitly; but have not you yourself taught me always to serve the emperor to the best of my ability?—and his only child, the princess, is in the power of the *fung-shui*."

The mother choked back her sobs, wiped her eyes, and said:

"True, my son. Hasten to the aid of his imperial majesty's child!"

* Even to-day the Chinese believe in the *fung-shui* to such an extent that His Excellency, Wong Kai Kah, was obliged to relinquish all hope of opening valuable mines in China, after months of endeavor. The Chinese country people could not be persuaded to dig mines, for fear of incurring the displeasure of the *fung-shui*.

She held her son in a long, silent embrace, and then watched him through her tears, as he went toward the cave, until he was no longer in sight.

It occurred to Wang Er that it would be wise

that the friend stubbornly refused to accompany Wang Er until assured that riches and a title would be given to the rescuer of the princess.

When the boys reached the entrance to the

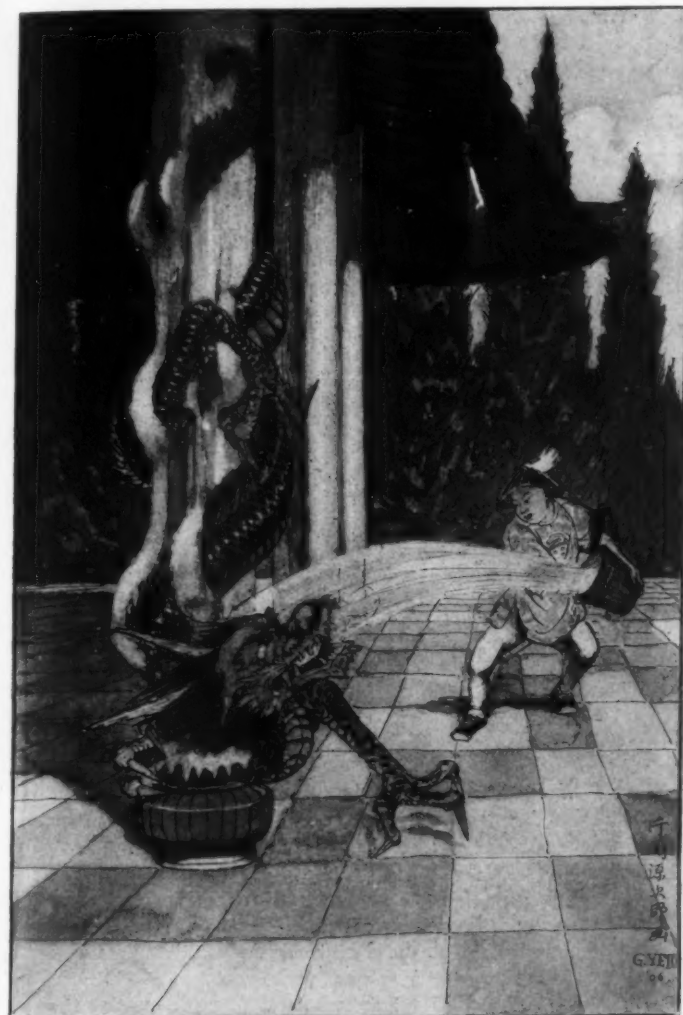
cave, which was a deep dry well, they fastened one end of a long rope to the well-curb, and dropped the other end down the well. Then Wang Er climbed down, closely followed by his friend.

At the bottom of the well was a narrow passage leading into the cave where the darkness was so intense that Wang Er's lantern threw but a feeble light.

The boys groped through this gloom with loudly beating hearts, wandering helplessly here and there, until at last, when weary and discouraged, they suddenly found themselves close to an enormous rock. Wang Er held up his lantern to get a better view of it, and, to the amazement of the lads, they saw carved upon it:

ONLY WANG ER
CAN OPEN ME.

"This rock is really a great stone door," said Wang Er, "and I am going to open it. But this may be a trick the *fung-shui* are playing us—so look out!"



"FILLING THE PAIL HE WENT BACK TO THE PAVILION AND THREW THE WATER UPON THE DRAGON." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

to ask some one to join him in this perilous undertaking; so he went to the home of his dearest friend—a boy of his own age whose name has long since been forgotten—and persuaded him to go also. It must be confessed, however,

VOL. XXXIII.—100-101.

Then he boldly pulled open the door, that, though weighing several tons, moved in response to his touch as easily as a paper screen, and the lantern-light revealed a wretched dungeon. Huddled in a corner, on the damp stone

floor, was a beautiful young girl, weeping despairingly. Her gown was covered with rich embroidery, and rare gems were twined in her hair. On one tiny foot there was no shoe.

"Are you not his imperial majesty's daughter?" asked Wang Er.

"Alas, yes!" sobbed the girl.

"Cease weeping! We are going to take you home to your father. Be brave and hurry, your highness, for the *fung-shui* may return at any moment."

The princess needed no further urging, but arose at once, and all three, hand in hand, groped through the darkness, trying to find the narrow passage into the well. By great good fortune they found it in half the time that it had taken to reach the dungeon.

After the friend had climbed out of the well Wang Er tied the rope around the princess, and anxiously watched as she was drawn up the well, sighing happily when she was safely out. Then he impatiently waited for the rope to be lowered that he, too, might leave the dismal place. But, although he waited a long time, and shouted loudly, he saw neither the rope nor heard a sound from his friend. Finally he was forced to acknowledge to himself that he had been deserted and left to perish.

Overcome at the thought of his friend's treachery he wept bitterly. But it occurred to him shortly that the *fung-shui* might return at any moment and find him there; and it would be well to look for some place to conceal himself. He again entered the cave and wandered about a long time without finding a hiding-place. Finally his lantern went out and he was forced to grope his way through complete darkness. He dared not stop to rest, fearing the *fung-shui*, but went painfully on and on, occasionally exclaiming, "Oh, my poor mother! I fear I shall never see her again!" At last he saw trees and sky through the opening, and, quickly running forward, emerged from the gloomy cave into bright sunshine that so dazzled his eyes he was obliged to close them for a time.

The light in a little while had grown dazzlingly bright and he found he was standing beside a lake.

On the opposite shore was a large pavilion, its roof supported by immense white pillars.

There was a bridge across the lake and Wang Er walked over it. The path leading to the pavilion was bordered by wondrous plants, and thousands of birds sang constantly. Wang Er was enchanted with all this beauty.

Suddenly a hoarse, awful voice cried out:

"Come here and free me!"

Terribly startled, the lad looked in the direction the voice came from and saw an enormous dragon coiled around one of the pillars. Flames of fire were darting from its nostrils.

"I don't dare go near you!" cried Wang Er, who was trembling violently. "You'll crush or swallow me!"

"I promise you," answered the dragon, "that I will not harm you. I am a prince, son of the mighty king of dragons, who is not a dragon himself, but a sea-fairy. The land-fairies accused me of stealing the emperor's daughter and turned me into a dragon to punish me. I am glued to this pillar and I am doomed to stay here until someone throws over me a pail of water from the lake."

Wang Er pitied the dragon king's son, for well he knew that the *fung-shui* had carried away the princess. He ran down to the shore of the lake, where, to his joy, he found a pail, and, filling it, he went back to the pavilion and threw the water upon the dragon. It instantly fell from the pillar and changed into a handsome fairy prince who embraced Wang Er, saying:

"You must come home with me that my father may behold the brave lad who has released me from a frightful enchantment. Close your eyes and be sure not to open them until I direct you to do so. And whatever happens do not be frightened."

Wang Er closed his eyes and immediately felt himself flying through the air, his hand clasped tightly in the prince's. A sudden plunge into the lake quickly ended this delightful flight.

"Now open your eyes!"

It was a command Wang Er lost no time in obeying. Indeed, he opened his eyes to their fullest extent in wonder at the extraordinary sight he beheld. Although water pressed upon him from above and from all sides, he felt not at all uncomfortable, and he and the prince were moving over the bed of the lake as swiftly as when they were flying through the air. On ev-

ery side were wonderful plants, as big as trees, and their leaves shone as if made of gold and silver, while fish, with scales that sparkled like diamonds, darted here and there through waving branches and arches of rocks.

"We will soon reach the sea," said the prince; "and then we will travel over the royal highway."

Wang Er was not at all prepared for that amazing highway. On either side and as far as he could see were immense crabs, lobsters, and

son's disappearance, sprang up in joyful surprise, descended from his throne, and clasped his son in his arms. Then he warmly thanked Wang Er and exclaimed:

"We will have a banquet in your honor!" and led the way to the banquet hall, everybody following him.

In the banquet hall was an enormous table made entirely of shells, and around it were chairs formed from coral branches.

At the king's command all were seated at the



"WANG ER WAS NOT AT ALL PREPARED FOR THAT AMAZING HIGHWAY."

fish standing upright, balancing themselves on their tails, and dressed in splendid uniforms.

Over this long road and through this double line of strange guards the prince and Wang Er moved with great speed, finally reaching a palace built of the pearly lining of shells. As they ascended the steps leading to an enormous door, it flew open and the prince led Wang Er into a spacious hall hung with marvelous draperies of delicate seaweed thickly strewn with pearls. Seated upon a throne at the further end of the hall was the dragon king surrounded by his courtiers, who, like himself, were sea-fairies.

The king, who had been grieving over his

table, with Wang Er on the left and the prince on the right of his majesty.

Wang Er was terribly hungry, but, to his chagrin, there was not a thing on the table but a small china teapot.

"Hai yah! Is *this* a banquet?" thought he.

But just then the king lifted up the teapot and said:

"Spread on this table a magnificent repast." Then he set the teapot on the table. At once its lid flew back and out sprang three liveried servants who set the table with gold and silver dishes that poured out of the teapot. Delicious food appeared in these dishes—rice as

white as a snowdrift; all sorts of fish; fruit and nuts and sweets.

Everyone was bountifully served, and the banquet lasted several hours.

Just as the king signalled for all to rise and return to the throne room, there boomed out deafeningly the royal salute. Instantly the servants, dishes and food vanished.

When the king was again seated upon his throne, he said to Wang Er: "What do you desire more than any other thing in the world?"

"To see my mother, your royal highness," answered Wang Er, tears filling his eyes as he thought how troubled and sad she must be because of his long absence.

The king smiled approvingly, saying:

"So you shall, my lad;" and he directed the prince to lead Wang Er home.

Wang Er thanked the king, and, bidding his majesty and the court farewell, went down the palace steps. But Wang Er carried with him the magic teapot, presented to him, just as he was leaving the palace, by the king.

Suddenly Wang Er found himself standing in front of his own home. Joyfully he ran into the house where he found his mother weeping.

"Mother! Mother!" he cried, "do not weep. See! here I am, safe and well!"

The mother's tears of sorrow turned to tears of joy; and, after their happy greeting was over, Wang Er related all that had happened. Then he ordered the magic teapot to spread a fine feast for his mother. The three servants covered the rickety table with fine linen; and with gold and silver dishes filled with delicious food. Never before had the mother eaten such good things nor seen such wonderful dishes. Even the chopsticks were made of ivory and inlaid with gold.

Wang Er decided that so long as the teapot could give him everything he desired he would not claim the reward offered by the emperor to the rescuer of the princess. So he stayed happily at home and began building a house entirely of gold pieces. He employed a great many workmen, and, as the gold pieces were needed, they fell in shining heaps from the magic teapot.

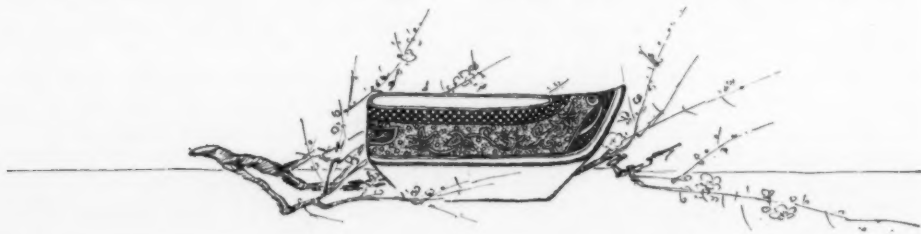
One day, when the house was nearly completed, the false friend passed by. He was filled with amazement when he beheld the golden house with its many turrets from which hung hundreds of golden bells that constantly sent forth exquisite music. He saw Wang Er sitting beneath a tree, holding the precious teapot that was pouring out a stream of gold pieces.

The false friend crept up cautiously and pounced upon Wang Er, trying to snatch from him the teapot; but Wang Er held it firmly until in the struggle it was broken into hundreds of pieces. Then the false friend ran away laughing over poor Wang Er's unhappiness.

With tears in his eyes, Wang Er sorrowfully gathered up the pieces of the broken teapot.

As he picked up the last fragment, instantly the pieces fitted themselves together, and there in his hands was the teapot perfectly whole, just as good as ever, without even one tiny crack!

Wang Er commanded the teapot to give him enough gold pieces to finish building his house and enough more to enable him and his mother to live in luxury all their lives. Then he sent the teapot to the emperor. Of course the emperor was delighted with the gift, but he never found out who sent it to him, for Wang Er did not care to have the emperor know, fearing he would be obliged to accept from his majesty the title of scholar. Wang Er was an honest lad, and he desired no button of scholarship on his cap until he had earned it through study.



The Humming-bird by Harriet Monroe.



WHAT a "boom ! boom !"
 Sounds among the honey-suckles !
 Saying " Room ! Room ! —
 Hold your breath and mind your knuckles ! "
 And a fairy birdling bright
 Flits like a living dart of light,
 With his tiny whirlwind wings
 Flies and rests and sings !
 All his soul one flash, one quiver,
 Down each cup
 He thrusts his long beak with a shiver,
 Drinks the sweetness up ;
 Takes the best of earth and goes —
 Daring sprite ! —
 Back to his heaven no mortal knows,
 A heaven as sweet as the heart of a rose
 Shut at night !

PINKEY PERKINS: JUST A BOY.

BY CAPTAIN HAROLD HAMMOND, U. S. A.

HOW PINKEY SQUARED ACCOUNTS WITH "OLD TIN STAR."

On the day before the Fourth, Pinkey called together fifteen carefully chosen schoolmates and unfolded a plan which he had in mind for a celebration. "We 'll get a lot of our fire-crackers," he said, "and meet on the court-house steps at a little before twelve, and when the town clock strikes and the men begin firing the guns and the big cannon and things, we can get to see it all and can have a little celebration of our own at the same time."

It was the custom in Enterprise for the more strenuous patriots to greet the Fourth at midnight with shivering explosions of all sorts,—muskets, huge cannon crackers, and packages of gunpowder compressed between blacksmiths' anvils and ignited by a fuse. Here was a chance for the boys to see it all and to experience the added joy of actually being up and out at the spooky hour of midnight.

"Gee, Pinkey," said Bunny mournfully, "What if we can't slip out? What if we get caught? Why if I got caught I'd have to stay home all day to-morrow, and I'd 'most die if I had to do that."

"Of course we 'll slip out," said Pinkey as though it was no trouble at all. "You do it in the daytime, why can't you do it at night when everybody's asleep?" and Bunny kept silent at the wisdom of Pinkey's argument.

After bracing up a few other wavering spirits, Pinkey secured promises from twelve of his followers to make the attempt and the others agreed to try it if they felt they dared. Fear of detection and consequent disaster to their plans for the Day's celebration made some of the more timid ones backward about the wisdom of such a move.

In reality Pinkey's proposition did not entail such a great amount of danger, for doors were seldom locked in Enterprise in summer.

So, it was agreed that all who could should assemble at the appointed place and hour, properly armed with the largest and noisiest of their hoarded wealth of oriental uproar, prepared to greet the Nation's Birthday in fitting style.

Pinkey went to bed that night at his usual hour, depending on his will-power alone to keep him awake. Before the clock in the sitting room below had struck ten, the house was quiet, and then came the struggle for supremacy between Sleep on one side and Pinkey on the other. Hour after hour dragged by as he lay there in the darkness, waiting for eleven. Faint moonlight reached across his bed and seemed to remain stationary. Time dragged on until he thought that surely the clock must have stopped. Pinkey tried lying perfectly still to see if he could detect its ticking.

The next thing he knew, he awoke with a start, sitting bolt upright in bed, and as he sat there wondering whether he were awake or still asleep, he heard the tower clock in the court-house peal forth in slow deliberate cadence the hour of eleven. He was still safe but he would run no more such risks. He slipped quietly out of bed and dressed himself, moving like one in a trance so loudly did his senses call out for sleep.

After assuring himself that so far his movements had awakened no one, Pinkey picked up his shoes, which he intended to put on when well out of danger, and several cannon fire-crackers which he had taken from his store in the wood-shed, and began his descent of the stairs. Never before in his wildest haste had they seemed creaky or noisy, but now, treading as lightly as he could they seemed to shriek anew at every step he took and there seemed to be no end to their number.

Finally, however, he reached the bottom, almost exhausted with holding his breath so long and so hard, and stood listening for symptoms of discovery. To his great relief, there were no threatening sounds. The last stage of his journey, that across the sitting room, did not take as long as the interminable trip downstairs, and within a few minutes he had cautiously closed the screen door behind him and had tiptoed his way across the front porch, down the steps and into the yard. Then he put on his shoes and set out in a roundabout way for the square, not caring to run any more risk than necessary of encountering "Old Tin Star," who no doubt was still abroad. As Pinkey made his way along the silent streets he could feel his courage deserting him and the alluring novelty which he had anticipated in being out at such an hour did not prove as enjoyable as he thought, and he longed for company.

He reached the courthouse at last, however, and seated himself on the steps in the shadow of one of the tall sandstone pillars and waited. After a long lonesome wait, during which Pinkey spent most of his time in pinching himself to keep awake, Bunny appeared, bearing his contribution to the coming turmoil in the shape of two Roman candles. Pinkey now became sufficiently awakened to take more interest in things than he had before Bunny came and the two conversed in low tones while waiting for the others to arrive. In a short time the party had increased to a total of ten, and those ten were not backward in relating their harrowing experiences in getting away, and in making critical remarks about those who had failed to put in appearance.

"Guess the rest o' the fellers 're afraid to try it," said Joe Cooper, proudly, remembering what an effort it had been for him to screw his courage up to the escaping point.

"Well it just shows who 's afraid and who 's not," boasted Bunny, puffing up with pride at his evident bravery.

Soon the little band noticed evidences of preparation going on in the park, the maple grove in the center of the square, and they knew from that that it was time for them to prepare for their fun also.

"We are n't going over to the park, are we,

Pinkey?" inquired Bunny as he saw Pinkey pick up his cannon crackers.

"No, siree," said Pinkey emphatically, "Old Tin Star 'd get us sure if we did an' no telling what he 'd do with us for being up this time o' night."

"That 's what," said Joe with much concern, "and, Bunny, I guess 't won't do for you to be



"NEVER BEFORE HAD THE STAIRS SEEMED SO CREAKY AND NOISY."

setting off the Roman candles either, cause they might 'tract his attention."

After a short discussion, it was decided best to explode their midnight greetings in the large vacant lot which adjoined the courthouse, where they could see some of the goings-on in the park and be fairly safe from molestation; so thither they adjourned to await the stroke of twelve.

"Now everybody get ready," said Pinkey, passing a match to each of his companions, "and we 'll have a celebration that 'll—"

Whether their movements had been observed for some time, or whether Jeremiah just happened to be passing at that time and had stopped to investigate, the boys never knew. Enough to say, Pinkey's speech was cut short by the interruption of that official's familiar voice:

"Now you kids clear out o' this or I'll lock you up, every last one o' you. What're you doing 'round here this time o' night anyway?"

Jeremiah's question was not answered, in fact it is doubtful if anyone heard the latter part of his speech. Instinctively all started on a blind run for the fence, forgetful for the moment of all save putting as much distance between themselves and Tin Star as possible. He was the one person in the town of Enterprise of whom they stood most in awe; and they knew that it was one of his hobbies to drive all boys from the streets after eight o'clock at night. What he might do to them for being out at midnight was too awful even to contemplate.

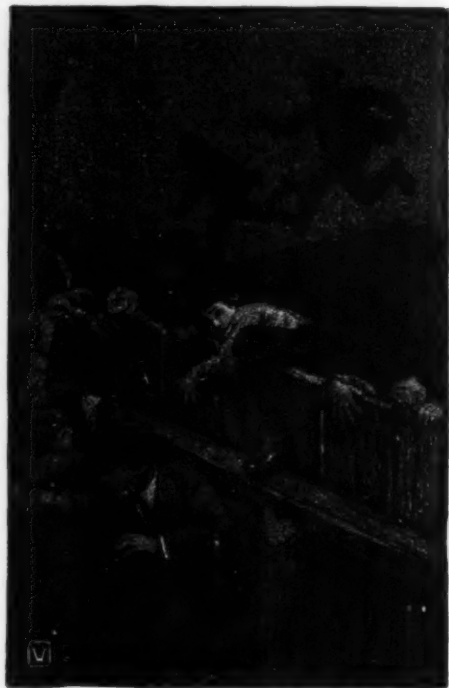
Just as the last of the fleeing boys was clearing the top board of the fence, a terrific explosion rent the air, being the first of many similar ones set off in honor of the Glorious Fourth. The boys afterward declared that Old Tin Star had shot at them, and from the manner in which many of their legs gave way under the stirring demands made on them, it seemed that the boys really thought so at the time.

According to their standing agreement, made to cover just such cases, the culprits immediately separated in all directions, no two pursuing exactly the same course. Some cut across into the park and headed straight for home, some flitted into the dark alleys behind the nearby stores, thence taking the nearest route homeward as soon as they were convinced the coast was clear. Others went down the streets which ran in front of and along the side of the courthouse; but each one, no matter in which direction he ran, developed a burst of speed which showed plainly that he was sure Jeremiah had singled him out as his especial prey.

Each hoped that some of the others might be brave enough to go back and endeavor to recover the abandoned fireworks, but none had any serious intentions of doing so himself.

Pinkey reached home in a state bordering

on collapse, both mental and physical. His scheme had come to naught, after all; he felt ridiculous in his own eyes, and felt that his comrades must take the same view of the night's work. He removed his shoes when he reached the front yard and by the exercise of the same caution he had employed in escaping from the house succeeded finally in reaching his room in safety. As he crept quietly back into



"THE CULPRITS IMMEDIATELY SEPARATED IN ALL DIRECTIONS."

bed once more and calmly reviewed the doings of the last hour he concluded that there was nothing to show for it all but the ignominious failure of all his carefully laid plans, and, what was still worse, the loss of a large share of the firecrackers and other combustibles which all had laid aside for the celebration. Pinkey soon fell asleep, however, still thinking bitter thoughts and planning deep revenge against those who persisted in making life almost unbearable, chief among whom was Old Tin Star.

When morning came and Pinkey awoke and

remembered what day it was and that there were still some pleasures ahead, he felt his spirits gradually rise and approach their normal buoyant state. After breakfast he started out to contribute his share in the ever-increasing noise and in company with others of his kind succeeded in creating more disturbance in the same length of time than words could describe. A visit to the scene of the rout of the night before disclosed the fact that all the abandoned firecrackers, torpedoes and other similar material had disappeared. As he stood there looking the ground over he saw Bunny running toward him, evidently much excited.

"Say, Pinkey," yelled Bunny as he drew near, "I b'lieve Old Tin Star took all our fireworks an' things las' night an' gave 'em to his kids. Billie Singles has got a lot just like the ones you had."

This intelligence aroused Pinkey's ire still more and although a close questioning of Billie failed to prove Bunny's accusation, Pinkey nevertheless was in a state of mind which prompted him to believe it anyhow and he wished more than ever for some way to square matters with the cumbersome arm of the law. The hopelessness of gratifying such a desire and the memories of the previous night's doings clouded Pinkey's enjoyment of the Day's celebration. Luckily, for him, however, his worst fears were not realized, for with the exception of those equally concerned with himself no one had witnessed the affair, and, except for a few rumors which leaked out, no one knew how, Pinkey escaped any extensive chaffing. If his comrades blamed him for the occurrence, they gave no sign of it by word or action, so he was spared that blow.

It was largely due to this loyalty on the part of his companions that Pinkey felt such a strong desire to show Jeremiah the displeasure which all felt at his high-handed action.

During the speaking in the afternoon, which Pinkey attended with his mother against his most ardent protestations, and while watching the foot races, sack races, and other games which furnished amusement for the crowds on the glorious Fourth, Pinkey's thoughts kept returning to the interrupted midnight meeting. When he went home to supper, he was still un-

decided what form his rebuke to Old Tin Star should take, but when his eye fell on an empty pasteboard mailing tube, in which a picture had been received a few days before, it flashed through his mind that here was something of which he might make good use.

With the mailing tube and some red tissue paper which he found in the store-room, it was but a short time until Pinkey had constructed a very lifelike and very formidable counterfeit of an enormous cannon firecracker. He extracted the fuse from a real one, and after filling the ends of the tube with the red paper, inserted it in the center of one end, and his dummy cracker was complete.

When Pinkey had finished his supper, his mother suggested that he go down town with her and Mr. Perkins and watch the fireworks from the windows of Mr. Perkins' office. Pinkey objected so strongly to being "shut up in a house when there was so much going on" that he was permitted to go down town alone on condition that he should meet his parents at the office in time to come home with them.

Pinkey carefully secreted his dummy firecracker under his coat and set out, religiously hoping that before the evening was over he might have a chance of testing its realistic appearance in the eyes of Old Tin Star. He met Bunny, in accordance with their agreement of the afternoon, and showed him what he had made. Bunny testified to its reality and was in high glee over the possibilities ahead.

"How are you going to do it, Pinkey," inquired Bunny, "put it in his pocket?" He was a little fearful of the risk entailed in such an action as they contemplated.

"Well, I can't tell yet. It all depends," said Pinkey. "We've got to find him first and make our plans afterward. We have got to have good room to run, that's certain."

"There he is, Pinkey!" said Bunny in a hushed undertone, as shortly after dark the two boys were slowly making their way through the crowds which filled the walks around the square.

"Sure 'nough," said Pinkey, "wonder if he's telling about the battle o' Shiloh again."

Even among the younger generation in Enterprise it was a standing joke how, without

any excuse and on all possible occasions, Jeremiah Singles was ready and anxious to hold forth on his thrilling experiences during the civil war. So often had he told them to his patient listeners during the cold winter nights around the hospitable stove of the corner drug store, or in the balmy summer evenings as they all sat on goods-boxes and whittled, that he had really come to believe them himself.

On this occasion, Singles was mounted on the driver's seat of a self-binder, which during the harvest season sat on the slightly raised wooden platform just beyond the outer edge of the cement pavement in front of a hardware store. As Pinkey had suggested, he was telling of Shiloh, claiming that the noise of the celebration all about him brought back vividly the stirring events of that awful day. With forceful gestures and reddened face, he was pouring forth into the tingling ears of a rural audience, to whom the town marshal was an exalted personage, his wonderful tales of blood and battle.

"He 's good for a half hour, Bunny," said Pinkey, decisively, "come on. I see our chance," and the pair disappeared around the corner and made for the dark alley behind the row of stores. Luckily the hardware store had remained open in order to accommodate its patrons from the country, and it was through the back door that Pinkey and Bunny made their way, not caring to be seen going in by the front entrance.

There was no one in the back part of the store, all being up in front watching the sky-rockets and other fireworks which were just beginning to soar heavenward, and the boys had no difficulty in reaching the stairway and mounting to the second floor. Once there, they made their way cautiously through the long line of plows, cultivators and all sorts of similar implements until they gained the front windows, from one of which they climbed out upon the awning.

Creeping to the edge, they listened for a while to Jeremiah's thrilling recital.

"Shells and cannon balls were dropping all around us," he was saying, "and my third horse had just been shot from under me when a whopper of a bomb-shell came rollin' along

the ground, straight toward me. The fuse was n't over an inch long and was splutterin' fire and gettin' shorter every second.

"I knew 't would kill us all if I let it explode, so without ever thinkin' of the danger I just grabbed it up in my two hands as it rolled past me, and hove it bodily into the little creek right beside us. I was just in time for I noticed as it struck the water that the fuse had burned clear up to the powder. A general who was standing by and saw it all, said afterward that——"

What the general said remained untold. While the story had been absorbing the attention of those gathered about Jeremiah, Pinkey had lit his dummy firecracker and had lowered it by a string, down, down, down, until, just as his victim had reached that part of his tale where the general had complimented him on his bravery, the sputtering fuse and round red body came into view beneath his hat brim and about six inches from his nose.

As luck would have it, just at this moment a real cannon cracker exploded right beside the platform on which the binder was sitting.

It was all too much for Jeremiah. Evidently he had outgrown the habit of calmly tossing aside such things as bomb-shells and other death-dealing missiles. At any rate, he failed to do so in this case. Uttering an agonized mixture of a yell and a groan, and clutching wildly at the air, he slid helplessly from his seat and rolled heavily down into the self-binder, landing in a heap under the tangled mass of wheels, canvas, and wooden arms. As he struck the platform, the dummy cannon cracker fell with a hollow sound and rolled along the platform toward him, the fuse still sputtering, and evidently about to explode under his very nose.

Instinctively Jeremiah rolled away from it, and in so doing wedged himself all the tighter beneath the machine and lay there in helpless terror while the harmless fuse burned itself out.

All this had brought forth a round of laughter from the audience which so recently had been absorbed in his tale, and it was some minutes before they realized that he was hopelessly entangled and began to take any steps

toward liberating him from his inglorious position beneath the binder.

When at last the machine was raised sufficiently for Jeremiah to crawl out, he emerged

steps toward the park, there to brood over his downfall under the charitable cover of darkness, two badly frightened but jubilant boys might have been seen racing for Mr. Perkins'



"CLUTCHING WILDLY AT THE AIR, HE SLID HELPLESSLY FROM HIS SEAT."

in a rage that boded ill for the perpetrators of the joke should they fall into his hands. He looked helplessly toward the awning overhead, but the responsible parties had long since disappeared, and about the time he turned his

office, there to sit in silent contentment during the remainder of the evening, secure from harm and bubbling over with exultation at such a fitting and successful ending to a day so unhappily begun.

THE SIGNERS AND THEIR AUTOGRAPHS.

BY MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD.

SCARCELY an American boy grows to manhood without having an autograph fad of one kind or another. Perhaps it is authors he pursues, or it may be public men like President Roosevelt or distinguished foreigners like Admiral Togo or M. Witte. In any case the young collector almost inevitably gets a vast amount of pleasure and profit from the hunt; and if he has been a successful collector as a boy he often turns his attention, when he has become a man, to the serious work of gathering rare autographs of real value.

The most interesting as well as the most valuable autographs in this country are those which were affixed to the famous document whose signing we celebrate on the Fourth of July. To the men engaged in collecting these, American history owes much; for their enthusiasm is constantly bringing old documents to the fore and their researches act as a stimulus of no mean value in the study of the services rendered to Liberty by the Fathers of the Revolution. In these days, moreover, the autographs of the Signers are appallingly difficult to obtain.

Incidentally, too, collectors help to correct some of the many misstatements with which our history is weighed down. Every collector, for instance, knows and strenuously asserts that the Declaration was merely *adopted*, not signed, on July 4, 1776. John Hancock may have signed the act on that day but no others did. It was, however, presented July 4, and later ordered engrossed on parchment. Most of the Immortal Fifty-six signed the document on August 2, 1776.

The signing of this important document at Philadelphia was a solemn act, an act requiring the greatest firmness and patriotism in those who committed it. It was treason against the home government; it subjected those who signed it to the danger of an ignominious

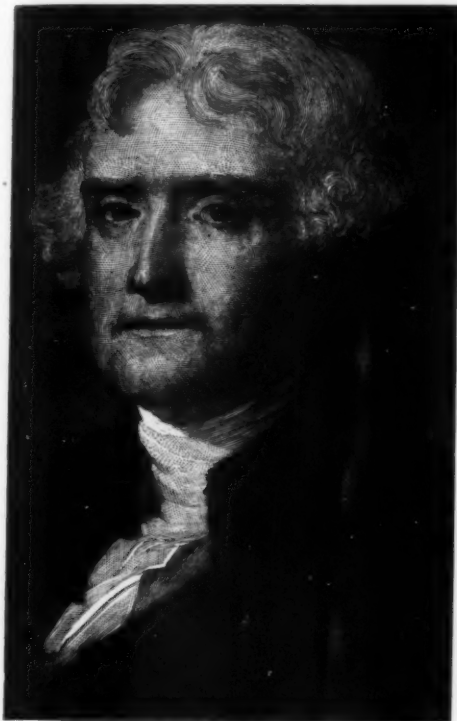
death. Franklin, with his customary humor, observed as he made his sweeping autograph that if they did not "all hang together" they would surely "hang separately." And there was more than a joke in that. The special hardships to which the Signers were afterwards subjected proved that England had carefully marked for the severest penalty those whose names had been appended to the famous document. But neither firmness nor patriotism was wanting in that august assembly. The Signers' judgment and discretion, their purity of purpose and integrity of conduct, made them sure, even when the colonies they represented lacked something of the courage they should have had, that *to them as individuals* life would be worth living only as they subscribed bravely to this,—America's Magna Charta.

As we study the original document now locked up in the archives at Washington or examine the signatures on the excellent reproductions which are fortunately fairly common we seem to be very near the men who, one hundred and thirty years ago, affixed their names to this epoch-making document. Many of them were very young in 1776; Rutledge and Lynch were twenty-five; Heywood was thirty, Dr. Rush thirty-one, Jefferson and Middleton thirty-three and Hooper thirty-four. Franklin was, of course, an old man, the very patriarch of the group, being over seventy when the colonies became a nation. But paper was expensive in war times, some of the Signers died within a few years of the Declaration's birth and others failed to treasure as we would wish the letters and papers to which they affixed their names. So, even when the collecting began seventy-five years ago the task of completing a set was considerable.

The forerunner in this country of collectors of Signers' autographs, seems to have been Israel K. Tafft, a poor Rhode Island lad born

something over a century ago. Young Tefft who early lost his parents, was raised on a farm. A varied commercial experience occupied him afterward until, about 1815, he began to save Signers' autographs.

It was not a difficult matter in those days to collect some of these valuable relics, but many



of Mr. Tefft's experiences would make us believe that a special Providence had been enlisted in his behalf. Visiting once (about 1845) a gentleman's residence near Savannah and finding the owner absent, he walked out on the lawn. A paper was blown across his path, and listlessly picking it up, he observed with joy that it was one of the rare autographs of a

Georgia Signer, of which he had been long in active pursuit. When the owner returned and Mr. Tefft was asked to specify the amount of his fee for the business he had come to transact, he replied, "I shall charge nothing if you will allow me to keep this piece of paper I found on your lawn." The gentleman replied that he was welcome to the paper; that its writer had once occupied the house, and that his own servants had recently cleaned an old garret of papers, of which this was a waif. The autograph was that of Button Gwinnett, the rarest, not only of the Georgia Signers, but (excepting the signature of Thomas Lynch) of the whole immortal fifty-six!

Almost, if not quite as early a collector as Mr. Tefft, was the Rev. Dr. William B. Sprague, of Andover, Connecticut. Dr. Sprague was graduated at Yale College in 1815, and during the latter part of his senior year was invited, through the honorable Timothy Pitkin and Professor Silliman of Yale, to go to Virginia as an instructor in the family of Major Lawrence Lewis, a nephew of General Washington, whose wife, born Eleanor Park Custis, was the granddaughter of Mrs. Washington, and the adopted daughter of the great President. He accepted the invitation, and in the autumn of 1815 set out for Major Lewis' country seat, Woodlawn, which had been a part of Washington's plantation, near Mt. Vernon. Here he was cordially received and remained as a tutor in the family until June, 1816. It was during this period that he obtained permission from General Bushrod Washington, who inherited the papers of his distinguished uncle, to take whatever letters he might choose from General Washington's voluminous correspondence, provided only that he would leave copies in their stead. The result was that he came into possession of some fifteen hundred invaluable autograph letters. Many of these were included in the three sets of the Signers, which he completed. There is a general opinion that the idea of making a collection of the autographs of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence originated with Dr. Sprague and undoubtedly he was the first to complete his set. It was his enthusiasm, too, which kindled in Mr. Tefft desire to make his collection of Signers' autographs complete.

In spite of the extraordinary start Dr. Sprague had had, it took him twenty years, however, to complete his first collection. When he passed away, May 7th, 1876, he had made three complete sets of the Signers, one of which

herited by her daughter, Mrs. William D. Ely, of Providence, from whose estate they have now come into the hands of William Ely.

Just now there seem to be twenty-three complete sets of Signers' autographs in existence.



"SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE." PAINTED BY JOHN TRUMBULL.

John Hancock is seated at the table on which rests the Declaration. Near him, standing, are Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Sherman and Livingston.

is now in possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. His best set was acquired by Simon Gratz, of Philadelphia, and the third was broken up to complete other collections.

In Rev. Thomas Raffles, D. D., LL. D., of Liverpool, England, Dr. Sprague inspired (about 1828) desire to make the remarkable collection of the Signers, which passed upon the death of Dr. Raffles into the possession of Honorable T. Stamford Raffles, his son. This collection was bound in a beautiful volume which its owner valued almost as much as he would the famous Koh-i-noor.

Another early collector, was Mrs. Eliza H. Allen of Providence, R. I., the only woman who ever succeeded in gathering a complete set of the Signers. She died August 30th, 1873 and her collection of the Signers was in-

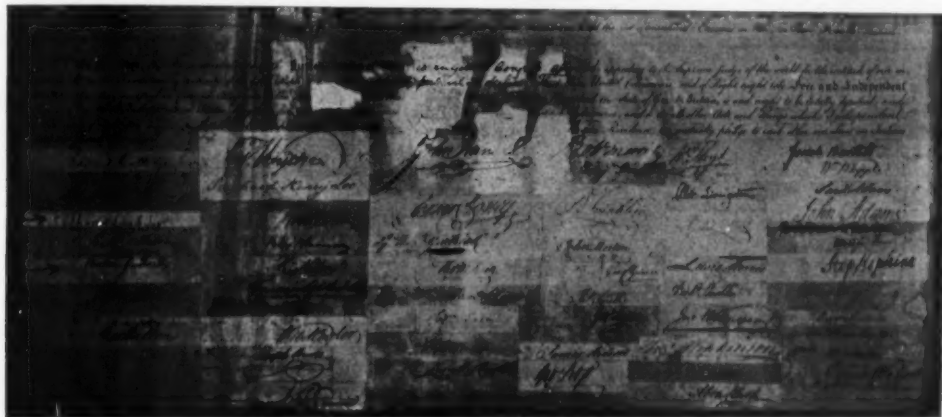
The finest set known, embracing fifty-four (all but two) autograph-letters, and including the only autograph-letter of Thomas Lynch, Jr., in existence, is now in the Lenox library, New York, to which institution it has been entrusted by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet of New York. Dr. Emmet, a descendant of that Robert Emmet who was one of Ireland's national heroes, was born near Charlottesville, Virginia, May 29th, 1828, where his father, John T. Emmet, was professor of chemistry and natural history in the University of Virginia. Dr. Emmet has long been ranked among the ablest members of the medical profession in New York City, but it is as an autograph collector that he stands pre-eminent. He began the collection of autographs in general at the early age of twelve, and started the forma-

tion of his first set of the Signers, about 1860. During the past forty years more autographs of the Signers have probably been handled by him, than by anyone else in the country. He is generally called "The Premier American Autographer." By common consent his best set of the Signers takes precedence of all others in the country. It includes fifty-four full autograph-letters of the fifty-six Signers, the only exceptions being very fine specimens of autograph documents, signed by both Hart and Gwinnett. Of Gwinnett no known full letter is extant. The pre-eminent specimen of the collection, which stands unmatched and unapproachable, is, however, the unquestioned Lynch letter, addressed to General Washington,—July 5th, 1777,—and having the General's endorsement on the back in his well-known hand-writing. This is the only Lynch letter in existence and was conveyed to Dr. Emmet from the Washington papers of Dr. Sprague, by an exchange of autographs which practically cost the latter seven hundred dollars.

"In one way or another," writes Dr. Em-

met, then, to say that a very excellent set is in the possession of the Wisconsin Historical Society (to whose essay on "The Autographs of the Signers," written some eighteen years ago by Dr. Lyman Draper, I am indebted for much of the material in this paper); and that Joseph W. Drexel of New York, the State Library at Albany, Z. T. Hollingsworth of Boston, and the Maine Historical Society are others, not already mentioned, who possess complete sets of the Signers. The Maine set was collected by Dr. John S. H. Fogg of South Boston, and is very valuable, consisting almost wholly of signed autograph-letters on public affairs, written in the year of the Declaration of Independence, or as near that time as such letters could be obtained. For the Button Gwinnett autograph alone Dr. Fogg paid \$125 several years ago, but inasmuch as many people lack only this signature to complete their sets the item would doubtless be worth a great deal more to-day.

The Z. T. Hollingsworth collection consists largely of letters pertaining to the time. Its



AUTOGRAPHS OF THE SIGNERS. COLLECTED BY JUDGE MELLEN CHAMBERLAIN, OF BOSTON.

The collection is now in the Boston Public Library. The arrows, at the left, mark the two rarest signatures.

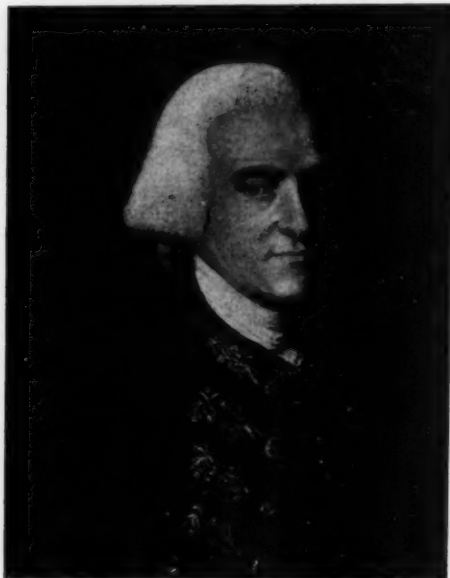
met, "I have spent some twenty-five thousand dollars on the set, and have not yet gotten it to my satisfaction." There are in this country, however, several collectors who would gladly give twenty-five thousand dollars for Dr. Emmet's peerless Lynch letter alone.

To discuss all the other sets now in existence, would take us too far afield. Suffice

most expensive item was doubtless the Thomas Lynch, Jr., autograph purchased a few years ago for \$500.

The late Judge Mellen Chamberlain of Boston, collected during his life-time a set of autographs only, which came after his death to the Boston Public Library where it is now viewed each year by thousands of interested

pilgrims to the modern Athens. Judge Chamberlain's set is unique in its character and arrangement. It is made up of the genuine signatures, pasted on a fine copy of the full size Declaration in *fac simile* printed on parchment-colored paper. The document is glazed and framed. It thus faithfully represents the great Declaration itself, and is infinitely more



pleasant to look upon than the mis-used and time-worn original at Washington.

So far I have discussed only such collections as have been made by men of considerable wealth. Of course, intelligence must enter into this pursuit even when there is a liberal income besides, but a *young* man, who, in these days, can collect, without the help of a liberal income, fifty-five of the fifty-six Signers' autographs, has to possess a real genius for the work. For this reason, the collection of the late Hon. Howard K. Sanderson of Lynn, possesses unique interest. Mr. Sanderson began, when only seventeen, to gather his set of

autographs. When he died three years ago, he was still the youngest man in the country to be following this absorbing pursuit as a hobby. His collection, therefore, is intimately interesting.

I remember with great pleasure an afternoon I passed with Mr. Sanderson, shortly before his premature death, listening to a description of the manner in which his remarkable letters and signatures had been gotten together. The very rarest signature of the fifty-six originals is of course that of Thomas Lynch, Jr., and this Mr. Sanderson for a long time lacked. Mr. Lynch, it will be remembered, sailed for England the year after the Declaration was signed, and was lost at sea. Moreover, very little was known of him before he came to the Continental Congress, although we read that, with Franklin, he visited Boston to inspect the camp at Cambridge when Washington took command of the troops there. Only one autograph-letter of Lynch, as has been said, is in existence. Everything else is in the nature either of a document signed by him, or a cut-signature.

Something less than twenty years ago, the Dr. Draper to whose interesting essay on the history of the Signers reference has already been made, corresponded with all the descendants of the Lynch family that he could trace, in the hope of bringing more autographs to light. In the possession of the family of a sister of Lynch, he finally discovered a number of volumes in which the Signer himself had written his name "Lynch," as he was in the habit of doing. He secured all these autographs by buying the volumes at a high price. Thus fifteen collectors, who had for years been looking for a Lynch signature, were able to complete their sets. Mr. Sanderson got the seventh of the cut-signatures, paying \$75 for it. The guarantee that went with the name, reads as follows:

"This Lynch signature, discovered and obtained since the printing of the essay on the Autographs of the Signers, clipped from a volume of Swift's works, London, 1766, preserved in the family of a sister of T. Lynch, Jr., is guaranteed to be genuine.

"LYMAN C. DRAPER."

The second rarest signature is that of Button Gwinnett, of Georgia. He was a planter,

living on St. Catherine's Island in the Savannah river, and in 1777, he became involved in a dispute with Lachlan McIntosh of Georgia. A duel resulted, and Mr. Gwinnett was killed. His autographs are invariably in the form of receipts, and are mere scraps of paper at best. For many years none have appeared on sale. In all probability no others will ever turn up.

The third rarest signature of them all is that of the fourth Signer from South Carolina, Arthur Middleton. One of the most interesting things in the Sanderson collection is the form in which it has this name. It is at the end of a Revolutionary letter signed by Mr. Middleton and five of his colleagues,—Robert Treat Paine, Josiah Bartlett, William Ellery, William Williams and George Wythe, at a time when the six together formed a committee of Congress. On this little piece of paper—a treasure, indeed, for the collector—are thus to be found one-ninth of all the Signers!

Autographs of Lyman Hall, of Georgia, are likewise extremely difficult to obtain, but after waiting for many years, Mr. Sanderson secured at a large price a letter written by Hall's secretary and signed by Hall himself, resigning his office as judge. The date of the letter is 1787.

John Hart, of New Jersey, is the next rarest man,—except in the form of signatures on Continental currency, many pieces of which he signed. He was a farmer of no prominence, little known either before or after the Revolution. The folio legal document signed by him in 1768, which is now in the Sanderson collection, is, therefore, of great value.

William Hooper, of North Carolina, was a Boston young man, who studied law in the office of James Otis, and who represented North Carolina in the Continental Congress. A folio-autograph letter signed by him and interesting because it gives a legal opinion, is in the Sanderson collection. It is probably worth one hundred dollars.

A document which has greatly appreciated in value since it was acquired by Mr. Sanderson fifteen years ago, at a cost of \$35, is a beautiful two-page quarto-autograph letter written in 1775 by Joseph Hewes, of North Carolina, concerning the arms and ammunition to be

sent from Philadelphia to the troops then forming in his own state. It was addressed to Gov. Samuel Johnson at Newburg. This letter is worth a very large sum now.

Mr. Hewes' colleague, John Penn, of North Carolina, is likewise a rare man autographically. The Sanderson collection has a quarto-autograph letter written by him in 1772 on legal affairs. This letter was obtained about twelve years ago at a cost of \$50, but is worth much more to-day.

The first man to sign the Declaration of Independence was Josiah Bartlett of New Hampshire, who had lived formerly in Amesbury, Massachusetts. He is represented in the collection now being described by a legal document dated 1772.

Two weeks before the battle of Bunker Hill, Matthew Thornton, an Irishman, who was not made a member of the Continental Congress until the November following the July 4 of the original draft, signed the commission of Henry Dearborn, (afterward General Dearborn), as captain in General John Stark's regiment. The collection now being described has acquired this commission, which is of great interest, because Stark and Dearborn both distinguished themselves at the battle of Bunker Hill. Though Thornton was not a member of the original body of Signers, his signature appears with theirs upon the original document, inasmuch as a resolution was passed that nobody should be a member that year unless he signed the very important paper which should hold him accountable with the rest.

Robert Treat Paine, the first of the name, is represented in the Sanderson collection by a business letter written and signed in his own hand. Letters or manuscripts with Paine's signature are very scarce.

Elbridge Gerry of Marblehead, who was vice-president of the United States under Madison, contributes a friendly letter to the United States consul at Paris, dated 1798.

John Adams, when United States minister at France, sent under date of Brest, 1777, a letter to the Hon. Arthur Lee, which is of great historical interest. In this letter Adams says, "We have a terrible battle to fight. I never saw, before the war, so much embarrassment

from selfishness, vanity, flattery and corruption, as I now find." The time of this letter, it will be observed, was that of Valley Forge, when everything about the American cause was dark and gloomy. It, as well as another beautiful autograph-letter written in Adams' old age, is in the Sanderson collection.

William Whipple, the third New Hampshire Signer, who came from Portsmouth, is represented by a long and exceedingly interesting letter to his colleague, Mr. Bartlett, in which Sullivan's Rhode Island expedition is carefully described.

A fine folio autograph-letter written by John Hancock in 1769, a very rare treasure, is likewise in this collection. A full autograph-letter written by Samuel Adams to a friend in Massachusetts, headed Boston, 1783, and congratulating the friend on "the glorious Treaty of Peace," is another very valuable manuscript here to be found. Mr. Adams seldom wrote a letter himself, his wrist being so lame that it bothered him to handle a pen.

Of the Rhode Island Signers, Mr. Ellery is represented by a delightful little letter on the new constitution just adopted, and Stephen Hopkins by a letter written to his wife before the palsy, which makes his signature in the Declaration of Independence so uncertain in its outlines, had come upon him. Apropos of this same uncertain signature an interesting story is told. Hopkins' hand, history tells us, shook like a leaf when he signed the document, and John Adams offered to guide the pen for him. This offer the plucky Quaker declined, observing: "If my hand trembles, my heart is firm."

William Williams, of Connecticut, is represented by a letter written when clerk of the Council of Safety in 1782; Oliver Wolcott, from whom the family of the late Gov. Wolcott of Massachusetts is descended, by a letter written in 1796; Roger Sherman, from whom Senator Hoar was descended, by a legal document written and signed; Samuel Huntington, by an autograph-letter dated 1789; William Floyd, of New York, by a business letter of the same year.

Francis Lewis, a Welshman, is represented by a personal letter which shows his extraordi-

narily fine penmanship, and is dated 1772. Philip Livingston, of Albany, has a letter signed by himself in 1775; Lewis Morris signs a letter in 1774.

Of the New Jersey men, Abraham Clark writes Gen. Dayton in 1778 a revolutionary letter of importance; Richard Stockton, of New Jersey, whose autograph is rare in any form, signs a legal document in 1766. The autograph in letter form of George Ross, of Pennsylvania, is very rare, but the Sanderson collection contains a fine personal letter written by him to a friend in 1773. James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, has an autograph-letter dated 1782.

Very interesting historically, as well as because his autographs are very rare, is a letter signed by George Taylor, of Pennsylvania, recommending (in 1775) a friend as lieutenant in the Continental army. Dr. Benjamin Rush writes a personal letter to a friend in 1793. James Smith is represented by a long legal document signed by him, his autograph-letters being almost impossible to obtain. George Clymer is represented by a three-page autograph-letter to a friend, dated 1780.

John Morton is among the rarest of the Signers, and Mr. Sanderson therefore considered himself especially fortunate to obtain a commission signed by him in 1776, as speaker of the Pennsylvania Assembly. For this letter he paid \$25, having got it at a great bargain. Robert Morris is represented by an autograph-letter. Signatures of Morris are quite common, being worth but a dollar or two. Caesar Rodney, of Delaware, sends a beautiful letter to his brother a week after the battle of Lexington. Thomas M'Kean, of Delaware, has a nice autograph-letter dated 1787. George Reed, who strenuously opposed the passage of the Declaration of Independence, because he thought the time was not ripe for such action, but finally signed the document, is represented by a nice autograph-letter dated 1772. William Paca, of Maryland, has an autograph-letter dated 1775; Samuel Chase, of Maryland, an autograph-letter dated 1776.

Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, has an autograph-letter written and signed in 1805. An interesting story is told of this man. When

he signed the Declaration of Independence, some friend, knowing how rich he was, and feeling sure that the cause upon which he was embarking was a lost one, remarked, "There go a few millions." Whereupon Carroll turned to the man and said, "That being the case, I'll let King George know where to find me." Then he signed his name "Charles Carroll of Carrollton." And ever after he used that form. He outlived all his colleagues, dying in 1834 at the age of ninety-four. Thomas Stone, of Maryland, is represented in the collection by a four-page folio autograph-letter, which is very valuable because excessively rare. This letter is worth one hundred dollars.

Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia, the drafter of the Declaration of Independence, contributes to the Sanderson collection a beautiful autograph-letter addressed to Benjamin Harrison, then Governor of Virginia, and giving notice (1781) of the arrival of a hostile fleet in Chesapeake Bay. Richard Henry Lee, the mover of the Declaration of Independence, contributes a signed autograph-letter addressed in 1780 to Thomas Jefferson. Carter Braxton, of Virginia, is represented by an autograph-letter dated 1790; George Wythe, of Virginia, by a very rare autograph-letter dated 1763, and Benjamin Harrison of Berkeley, Virginia, by an autograph-letter concerning business matters, dated 1770.

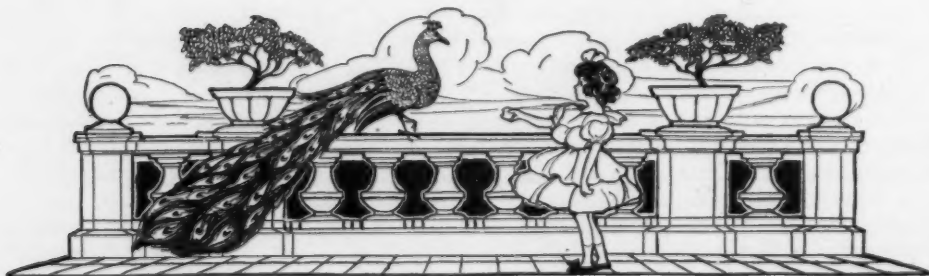
A very interesting letter on revolutionary

matters is that addressed to Baron Steuben by Thomas Nelson, of Virginia, in 1781. It was Nelson, it will be remembered, who at the siege of Yorktown, ordered the bombardment of his own house. Thomas Heywood, Jr., of South Carolina, is represented by a commission which he signed as governor of the state. His colleague, Edward Rutledge, has a two-page autograph-letter.

Occasionally, a love letter falls into the hands of autograph hunters. One such, now in the Sanderson collection, was written in 1780 by Francis Lightfoot Lee (Richard Henry Lee's brother), to his wife. The letter is headed Richmond, 1780, and begins, "My dearest."

George Walton, of Virginia, is represented by a letter signed by him in 1775, John Witherspoon by an autograph-letter dated 1784, Francis Hopkinson, of New Jersey, by an autograph-letter dated 1779.

Perhaps the most interesting letter in the whole collection was that shown the visitor last, a note in Franklin's own hand, bearing his own impressive signature and private seal, and addressed to Mr. Strahan, his bookseller in London. It is dated 1751. The letter is a personal one, for Strahan was then very much Franklin's friend, though the patriot afterward quarrelled with him (because of his attitude toward the American cause) in that famous epistle ending, "You are now my enemy and I am yours, B. Franklin."



A WARM AFTERNOON ON THE TERRACE.

FROM SIOUX TO SUSAN.

BY AGNES McCLELLAND DAULTON.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE OWLS AND THE DOVES.

"WHAT is she like?" asked Nan, who had just enrobed herself in her little bedragoned kimona, tucked her feet into turkish slippers, stuck a fez atop her saucy head and was now perched on her biggest trunk, where she sat thumping her heels against it to the tune of Dixie. She had not been in the Hall an hour, but her faithful handmaids had gathered from the uttermost parts to her room, and swarmed over the floor, and bed and window seat.

"Do stop that tattoo, Nan, if you don't want Mrs. Rood rushing in here," cried Enid Fenno, tossing a cushion with such unerring aim that Nancy had to duck dangerously to one side. "Well, I should say that Number 21 is out of the question. Virginia Clayton, judging from the few words she has deigned to address to your humble servant, is rich, refined and awfully affected by the rarified air of culture. I can tell you, right here, she'll have no use for the Screech Owls. So just count her out."

"Umph,—don't want her!" sniffed Nan contemptuously, "The Mourning Doves can have her, and welcome. But how about her roommate?"

Nancy Jane Dempcy was hardly what you would expect from her quaint old-fashioned name, for from the tassel of her fez to the tips of the turned-up toes of her slippers she was a bundle of mischief and vivacity. Miss Hope said openly, that she had given her more trouble than any girl she had ever had in the Hall, but then, too, she was perhaps the most brilliant mentally, and the most vividly alive. She was never happy, except when engaged in some mad prank. With her great brilliancy, and her mad spirits, it was perhaps no wonder that the girls inclined toward insubordination

flocked around her, for with Nancy's wits at work upon a plot, it was apt to be carried through, and with her courage to defend, one was apt to escape one's just punishment. Besides, there was always something going on where Nan was; few dull moments were passed in her society and so her room was always overflowing with girls.

Nan was founder and president of a musical, literary and social club called "The Screech Owls," and the initiation of the Owls was made as blood curdling as Nan's vivid imagination could conjure it.

Much to the girls' astonishment, Miss Hope had made no objection to the forming of this club, in fact she had expressed her entire approbation of it. Perhaps their astonishment would have given place to chagrin had they known her reason.

"It is a very good thing, indeed," she had remarked to Mrs. Rood. "In this way we shall find at the beginning of the term just who will fight under Nancy's banner. If the foolish things only knew it, it is a natural division of the goats from the sheep, and their taking matters into their own hands only simplifies the question and makes my work that much easier. My Mourning Doves are safe, my Screech Owls will bear watching. Indeed, Mrs. Rood, I am very much obliged to Nancy for her really brilliant idea."

At the year's beginning the new girls were at once talked over by both clubs and decided upon, although this was unnecessary as the girls really found their places by natural gravitation.

"The Mourning Doves" had been renamed by the Screech Owls, their choice of "Utilian" being laughed to scorn by the impertinent Owls and for some unknown reason the derisive nick-name had been accepted by the girls themselves. It is needless to say that all the

best students were among the Doves, and it was daring rather than scholarship, with the exception of Nancy, that kept the Screech Owls up to the mark at studies.

Nan always made a point of getting back to Hope Hall at the last possible moment. She was fully a week late this term, and the classes had settled down to their accustomed work. But the news of her return had flown as if by magic from room to room, from class to class, and at the first tap of the noon rest bell the girls went flying down the hall to number 14 to greet their chief.

Sue had stood at her door and looked a bit wistfully after Enid Fenno who had whispered hurriedly as she passed: "Nan's back. Now look out for gay old times," and then had sped away following the trail of a dozen other laughing girls, who were scuttling along for dear life, as if their leader might disappear if not promptly visited by her worshipers.

"My," thought Sue with a sigh, "It must be lovely to be the leader of a lot of girls like that."

And so now the gay queen of "The Screech Owls" sat upon her throne gathering information about her possible future subjects.

"Sue Roberts, and she spells herself S-I-O-U-X,—is all that that spelling would indicate," explained Enid, leaning her head comfortably against Nan's knee. Enid had a certain shrewd ability in reading character that made her of immense use to Nancy. "Not that Sue is an Indian," went on Enid, "but she is the sort of girl who would be up to tricks of that sort. She is original, slangy and a tom-boy. She sings with what Miss Gribble calls "quality," whatever that means: her voice is one of those rich velvety contraltos that makes a lump come in your throat, and she would give the Owls a lot of help in our musicals this year. She is pretty, with a sort of dashy style, and poor, I should judge, though she has an elegant tepee fixed up in her room and a lot of fine Indian things. She is a pretty fair student, and talks a lot, but I don't think she will ever make a Screech Owl."

Immediately a shriek of protest went up from the other girls. Sue Roberts not a Screech Owl! Why from the very first day

when she had slid down the bannisters the Owls had marked her for their own and they had just been waiting to hear Enid give Sue's chief characteristics that Nan might know what an exceptional Owl had been awaiting her arrival.

"Why, Nan," Maze Wood had fairly to scream to make herself heard over the clatter of protest, threats, denunciations and explanations that were taking place, "Sue Roberts is one of the jolliest, funniest girls you ever saw. She will *have* to belong to us; besides every one of us has invited her."

Nan frowned imperiously at this, for she never allowed them to forget she was president, as Enid grumbled sometimes. Besides she felt from what the girls said she would prefer to see Sue Roberts herself before she was admitted, and even if Enid had not pronounced against her, she knew that already Sue had strongly attracted them and there was no room among the Owls for two leaders. She would wait and see, but in the mean time it would be as well to find out every thing possible.

"Well," Enid went on, "I did n't expect to bring such a hornet's nest about my ears by my simple remarks, but I think that very fact proves my point. In a club like this you can have only one real leader, or the first you know there will be 'feelings,' then sides, and by and by a regular breaking of the ranks and a stampede. 'In union there is strength' ought to be our motto, and if we go to quarreling we are going to get caught before the term's out and Miss Hope always has her eye on us. Sue Roberts is a born leader and so is Nan. You just let her go among the Doves and if the feathers are n't flying before a week I'll treat you all to fudge. I don't think Helen is pining to have Sue in her club either for she will be turned down and Sue elected president inside a month. Not that Sue is pushing, or anxious, or anything of that sort, but she's bound to rise, like a cork. Besides she has *principles*, with the whole word in capitals. She may, and will, break rules, but she will choose her rule; while she would be loyal to the death she might get stubborn at the most important moment. We'd better let her alone."

"But I'd like to know," grumbled Maze, "what poor Sue will do if she won't be a Dove and can't be an Owl?"

Enid shrugged her shoulders.

"I'm sure I don't know," she said, "but I don't think it would have made any difference if we had invited her; she wouldn't have joined us anyway. She thinks she would now, but Virginia Clayton has a lot of influence over her. I never saw better friends, and Virginia does n't believe in us. That's all."

So it was settled, that the three girls from Monroe were not to be called to the high estate of Screech Owls.

Enid Fenno was mistaken about the Doves, for Sue received in the same house mail with Virginia and Martha a pretty little invitation to join the "'Utilian' . . . the most noted literary, musical and social club in Hope Hall." But, to the Doves' astonishment, Martha alone accepted, and then a few days later came the startling announcement that Hope Hall was to have a new club—the "Minnehaha" Club of which Sue Roberts was President, or as the girls put it, the "S-i-o-u-x, or heap, big Injun!"

Here was news indeed! To both Helen Campbell and Nancy Jane Dempcy was this prospect unwelcome. Neither leader cared for another rival and moreover a rival with the fascinations possessed by Sue. Helen, who was a dear girl, and much loved by the Doves, could not help feeling that Sue would offer far more original and interesting affairs than she could hope to, and Nan knew already that many of the more timid Owls would feel safer under Sue's banner than under hers; for after three weeks most of the girls knew that, in spite of Sue's rollicking and slang, Enid had been right. Sue had principles, and strong ones.

"Who will join?" was upon everybody's lips, "What will Miss Hope say?" But Miss Hope fairly shook with laughter when Miss Thaw told her.

"Another weeding out," she said. "How the dear things help me with their follies! I really dreaded Sue's fascinations and her abundant energy. I did not at all want her with Nancy, and now see, she has placed herself exactly under my microscope. Dear me, if I had planned it I could hardly have invented a

better way, and I believe I could write a list of the girls who will flock around her—Helen's gayest ones and Nan's best ones. It is only Virginia Clayton who does not fit, and she will stay for love of Sue. Well, well Miss Thaw, this is very good news! Very good news, indeed!"

But Miss Thaw had not brought it for good news and she did not at all approve of her chief's way of accepting it.

Miss Vashti Edna Thaw had never taught in a girl's school before and she was considered a very strict disciplinarian. Her long, narrow face, her sharp nose, her small blue eyes set closely together, her jerky movements and shrill voice were not prepossessing and yet there was not a girl in her classes who did not grow enthusiastic about her as a teacher.

"Call her Thaw!" groaned Nan Dempcy after the first day. "Why she's a regular frost! The very minute she fixed those little blue eyes on me, I felt the Screech Owls had better hoot pretty low while she's around; but all the same I never had such a teacher, not even excepting Miss Hope. Why, Enid, positively Annette Stone raised her head and took notice. She did, she did! I know it sounds like a dream, but, goodness me, a donkey would have listened. The way Miss Thaw translated that page of Virgil was something worth hearing. It left me perfectly breathless. Didn't that dry-as-dust glow and sparkle? And didn't one just ache to go and do likewise? As a teacher Vashti Edna is a bright, particular star."

But personally, Miss Thaw was not a favorite, for, among the girls, with the exception of Miss Decker, whom she had known before, and Martha Cutting, she seemed to have no friends, even the other teachers finding her cold and severe. Of Nancy Dempcy and Sue Roberts, Miss Thaw had disapproved from the first, and she said openly that if she were in Miss Hope's place the Owls would not be tolerated for a moment, and now it seemed beyond belief that another club was to be allowed whose purpose, in her eyes, was plainly mischief. And when she heard Miss Hope's laughing approval, and understood that nothing was to be done to crush the Minnehahas, she sailed down the hall with her lips set in a hard straight line.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TROUBLE IN NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.

ALTHOUGH Sue was unanimously elected chief of the "Hahas," as the Owls at once dubbed the members of the new club, it was really Virginia's idea.

Lessons had settled down to smooth running, practice hours were falling into regular lines, days were beginning to flow along as school days should, study hours in their place, recitations in theirs, rules in theirs and fun spread in like jelly between layers of cake, but still Sue and Virginia were what Nancy called "unclubbed." It was n't especially noticeable, as neither the Owls nor the Doves had had time for any open meetings, the first of the year is always such a busy time, but Sue had heard rumors of forbidden feasts, of fudge-making and chafing-dish messes that had set her all-atwitter to display her skill.

Number 21 had many callers, for news of its unusualness had soon spread through Hope Hall and each girl had wished to see its beauties for herself.

Sue and Virginia had thoroughly enjoyed making their room as home-like and artistic as possible. Together they had draped their bay window with the soft red silk Virginia had brought from Kinikinnick; they had tacked up the Indian prints, the bows and arrows, and papoose cases, thanking their lucky stars for the plain red wall paper that made such an excellent back-ground; spread the Navajo blanket over their divan and heaped it with red and russet pillows; hid their bed back of the dull red canvas screen, upon which Virginia had roughly drawn Moqui designs of Thunder-birds, Man-eagles, and flights of queer wild geese in gray-greens, indigo-blues and "warm browns." There were the peace-pipes, the feather bonnets and the fringed leggings, that dangled from the picture railing, with the bead bags, moccasins and the strings of wampum, and last and best, the picturesque tepee was set up in the corner; such an interesting tepee, with its brownness made gay by the swollen rain clouds, the yellow suns and blue thunder bolts the Indians had painted upon it. Within the charmed interior Virginia had set her pretty

little tabouret, and the double-handled copper kettle, the red cups, yellow cracker jar and dusky little green tea pot, for, as Sue hastened to explain to their guests:

"If Indians don't have tea tables, they ought to, so we'll go them one better."

Miss Gribble had been pleased as one of the girls over the picturesque prettiness of it all. Mrs. Rood and kind Miss Sargent had drunk a cup of tea with them, and even Miss Hope had stepped in for a moment to compliment them for their originality, and it was over all this pleasant kindness that Virginia and Sue had their first tiff, the little rift within the lute that might, if they were not careful, make all the music—of their girlish friendship mute.

Virginia was sitting at the table one evening, just after study hour bell, toiling away at her French translation, while Sue, curled up among the pillows on the divan, was supposed to be industriously conning her Latin verbs, when suddenly she sighed so deeply and profoundly that the divan fairly creaked under it.

"Why poor old Sue! What is the matter?" inquired Virginia, dropping her pen in dismay. "Are you homesick, or can't you get your conjugations?"

"Homesick? Oh I'm always that. Wouldn't I give my head to see the whole lot of them to-night? But that is n't what's the matter with Susie, and it is n't verbs. The truth is, honey, I sighed, as Ben would say, 'a-purpose.' I wanted to talk to you, and, you know, I promised not to speak."

"O Sue, won't it keep?" pleaded Virginia, looking longingly at her Fontaine. "This fable is so interesting, and Miss Hope is coming in to-morrow to recitation, and I do want to make a good translation."

"It won't take a minute, really, Virginia," assured Sue, drawing her feet up under her comfortably. "It's about a club. Enid Fenno says Nancy Jancy Dempcy has decided that she does n't care to have us as Owls, which is as well since we would neither of us be caught being one."

"No, I suppose not, as they are always breaking rules, and I suppose their not wanting us is really a compliment, but Miss Gribble says some of their entertainments are splendid."

"That is all right, but I don't want any Dempsy in mine. I said 'tommy-rot' before Nan the other day, and she pretended she could n't understand me, and, after she had made me repeat it two or three times, she said she did n't speak the language, and asked if it was dead. Of course the girls almost

"Well, its true, Sue. Please don't feel hurt," and Virginia picked up her pen, "but if one brings away only the slang—and the uncouthness from a book, it is better not read."

Sue frowned for an instant, and then shook her head, much as Toddlekens used to when he wished to get rid of a fly. She did n't intend



"THE GAY QUEEN OF THE SCREECH OWLS SAT UPON HER THRONE."

died laughing, you know they just stand around waiting for her to speak, but I told her I guessed she had n't read her Kipling to very good purpose."

"What did she say to that?"

"That if I had n't brought anything better away from my Kipling than that, she would advise another course,—sassy thing!"

VOL. XXXIII.—103.

to quarrel with Virginia, so she would not reply to any dangerous remark like that.

"Well, anyhow," she said at last, just as Virginia had found her place in the dictionary. "I think you might talk it over with me."

"All right," and Virginia, submissively putting the stopper in her ink bottle, pushed back her chair and folded her hands meekly in her lap.

"Oh shucks!" snapped Sue, burrowing her head in the cushions. "I don't care to talk to a miserable martyr."

"It seems to me, Sue, you are rather hard to please."

Virginia's tone had unmistakably cooled. "If you prefer I can go back to my work."

"There, there, lambie, don't get huffy," laughed Sue, appearing from the cushion's depth, disheveled and repentant, "I'm a regular cross-patch to-night, but the truth is I'm boiling over at Martha Cutting. In spite of promises to Masie and vows to you I can't get on with her."

to you. I would let that girl alone, if I were you, Sue."

"I like her," said Sue, her chin turning up obstinately. "Your true friends always tell you all the mean things they hear about you, so you can protect yourself."

"Nonsense, Sue!" protested Virginia, "Then



"THEY HAD TACKED UP THE INDIAN PRINTS."

"Why I think she seems very nice to you now, Sue. She said our room was so pretty, and told you what Miss Gribble said of your voice, and was just as pleasant as any girl that called."

"Yes, and ran right off to Enid and said she would as soon live in a curiosity shop, and when Enid said she thought it very artistic in coloring, Martha said: 'Oh, that is Virginia. Sue Roberts has n't any more taste than a savage; and afterward she said my voice sounded like a chicken-hawk's.'"

"Enid Fenno was very unkind to repeat it

why didn't you tell me Nancy Dempcy said I was a stuck-up Yankee. You heard it, didn't you."

"Why who told you, Virginia?" cried Sue, sitting up in dismay, "I hoped you wouldn't hear that. I was afraid it would hurt you."

"Foolish old Sue," laughed Virginia, "So you are n't my true friend! Oh, Enid Fenno

told me that, just as she tells all the other bits of disagreeable news she can gather. I did not care, for I knew if Nan could say that she simply did n't know me. Girls are the same, I suppose, all the world over. I am sure most of the girls here are lovely, and we don't need to rush into new friendships. Let 's wait a bit. But please, Sue, do hurry and say what you want to about the club, the evening is going and I haven't two lines translated."

"Well then, I won't be a Dove and I can't be an Owl, and that's all!"

"Then there is only one thing to do—start a club for yourself!"

"What—did—you—say?" shrieked Sue, springing to the floor.

"Get up a club yourself," repeated Virginia with a teasing laugh, "is that so very dreadful of me? It might be an Indian club, you know."

Sue had not stopped to listen, but was performing her own particular war dance silently, but with such vigor that her hair was tumbling to her shoulders before she dropped in a breathless heap at Virginia's feet.

"You precious old darling!" she panted, "It's the finest idea going, and I never even thought of it. An Indian club, of course, with war dances, buffalo hunts and scalping parties. Oh joy be! and I named it while I danced—'The Minnehaha.'"

"You ridiculous Sue," protested poor Virginia, who had been joking all the time. "I was only in fun. Why we haven't time for it, and beside where would you get your members?"

"Oh, they would come fast enough. We won't ask a soul, but, you see, they will come. I'll be president, no, chief, that sounds better, because I can whoop 'em up better than you can, Virginia; but you shall be medicine man or any old thing you want to."

"But Sue, Miss Hope! You will have to ask her permission."

"Not by a good deal! I'll spring it on her and then if I get called down—"

"Sue, I never heard such slang as you are using, I think you would better start an anti-slang league."

"Oh dear, I always use slang when I get excited. Well, what I meant to say was,

that I shall establish the club without asking permission of our esteemed principal, and then, if she makes any serious objection, we can immediately desist from operations. Does that suit your ladyship?"

Virginia laughed, for really you can not very well talk of dignity to a girl who is kneeling at your feet, her face a-light with good-fellowship and fun,—at least if you are a girl yourself with your heart hippity-hopping as every girl's should.

"But Sue—" and it was Virginia's turn to hesitate and sigh, "Oh dear!"

"Out with it, my dear. We are smoking our peace-pipes to-night and the war-paint is all washed off, so don't be afraid."

"Well, I expect you will call me a regular spoil-sport, Sue, but I 'm not going to disobey any of the rules, and I promised your father and mother to try and take care of you. I know that most of the girls break the study hour rule and think it is great fun, but—"

"Father said, Virginia Clayton, that if I attended to my lessons I was to have the very best time I could, and Miss Sargent said to-day she was very much pleased with my work. I've really flunked only once this week, and that was in history, and I don't care a penny if I didn't know who Guy Fawkes was, for he was n't in the lesson, and I guess he was n't any great shakes any way. I am not going to disobey except—about not cooking in the room, and not going in the halls after eight, and study hours, and that nonsense. Those rules were just made to be broken, May Price says, and she 's a monitor."

"Well, I am not going to," said Virginia, "Miss Gribble and Miss Sargent have been so kind to us. Why, just think, even Mrs. Rood and Miss Hope have been here to see our room and I think it would be a shame to abuse their confidence. If you really mean to have a club, and we may, I think it will be great fun, but I 'm going to be good—You know as well as I do, Sue, that if it was n't for study hours we never would get time for our lessons, for our room would be overrun with girls."

"What of it?" inquired Sue tauntingly, for she was nettled at what she considered Virginia's superior manner. "Are we going to settle

down to be bumps on a log? Why, I've been stewing up in this room every evening for two weeks and going to bed at half past nine, when if I was at Cherryfair I'd be flying all over the place and up till eleven, and I guess Father and Mother know just as well what's good for girls as an old maid like Miss Hope. All the other girls are having jolly times, while we are namby-pambying around here."

"Not all, Sue. You know very well Helen, Alice, Winifred and that set of girls have not, nor Martha Cutting—"

"Martha Cutting!" cried Sue witheringly. "I should think you would be ashamed to mention her in my presence. Holding her up to me for a pattern!"

"I am not!" replied Virginia, her head going up in the air and her lips set in a straight line — "you have interrupted my study hour—"

"Well, I shan't any longer," stormed Sue, beginning frantically to unbutton her shoes. "You are getting too stuck up for any good use, Virginia; and I'm going out for a lark."

Virginia sat perfectly still, a red spot glowing on either cheek, her hands clenched tightly in her lap, determined that the tears that were stinging her eyes should not escape and betray her. At home she would have sailed in high dudgeon from the room; here there was nothing to do but sit silent, biting her lips to keep back the pain.

She watched Sue get herself into her dark wrapper, and slip on a pair of moccasins that her steps might be noiseless and yet in her mind she was going over and over her talk with Mrs. Roberts upon that last Sunday night. "Virginia," she had said, and Virginia remembered the little tremble in the sweet voice, "Virginia, we are going to trust Sue in your hands. She

has been such an unselfish daughter, such a loving, generous sister, that we have overlooked her faults, as strangers will not, and I fear we have cheated her out of her share of rightful discipline. She is so impulsive and thoughtless where you are calm and controlled, and she loves you so dearly she will be led by you and, I know, too, you will always try to lead her toward the right." Then Virginia remembered the tender kiss with which her promise had been sealed. She thought too of Mrs. Roberts' fond "God bless both my little girls and have them in his keeping" upon that last morning. It was so hard for Virginia—it was never easy for her to ask forgiveness and Sue was in the wrong and—yet and yet—

"O Sue!" she said, and then the tears welled over, "O Sue! please, please, don't go! Forgive me for being cross, but your father and mother—"

In a moment Sue's arms were around her, Sue's cheek pressed against hers.

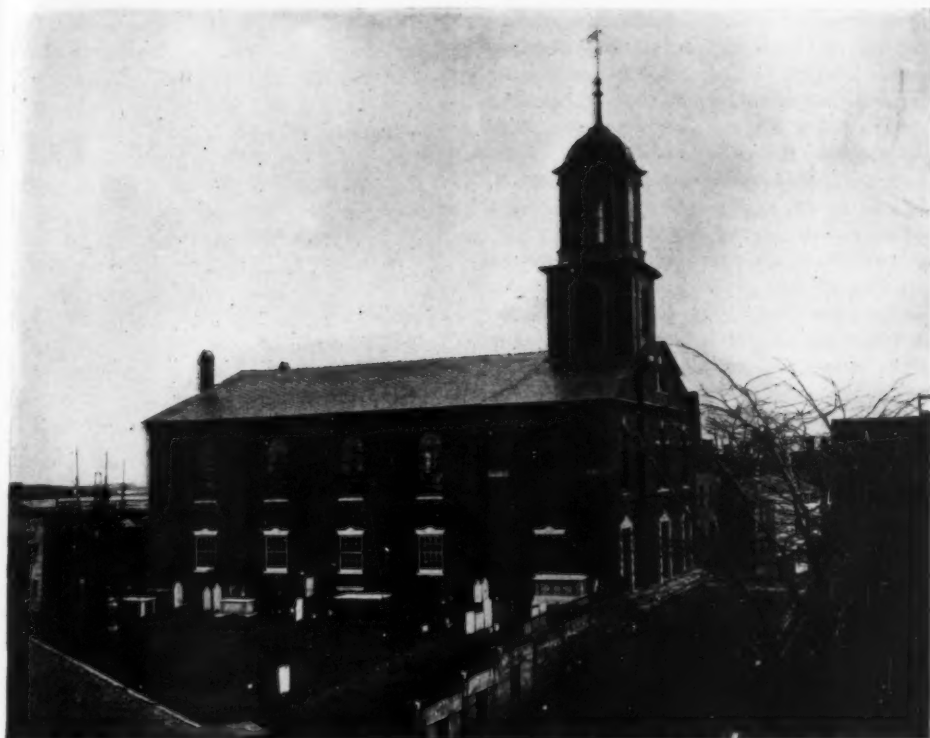
"There, there," crooned Sue, "Susie was an old sinner; it was n't your fault at all. There, there, honey, don't waste a tear over bad me. I'll be good, indeed I will, honey. I just thought you were showing off a little and it made me mad. Here we are, all made up, don't cry, don't you cry one more tear."

In ten minutes, impetuous, easy-going Sue was cuddled down with her head in Virginia's lap planning the new club, bubbling over with fun, laughing, talking as if nothing had happened. Virginia tried with all her might to enter into all the happy scheming and to hide the deep hurt in her heart, but long after Sue was asleep she lay in her little white bed with wide open eyes, and when at last she slipped away into dreamland the long black lashes were wet against her cheek.

(To be continued.)



AN "EIGHTEEN-IN-HAND."



OLD ST. JOHN'S CHURCH AT PORTSMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

A HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD CHURCH.

By J. L. HARBOUR.

Next year one of the most interesting churches in all New Hampshire will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of its erection, although the church society is much older than the present building. This is old St. John's Church in the Town of Portsmouth. As long ago as the year 1732 there stood on the site of the present St. John's Church a small and simple house of worship called Queen Caroline's Chapel. This name had been given to it in honor of Queen Caroline. When word went across the seas to the royal lady, of the honor that had been done her, she showed her appreciation by sending to America a handsome service of silver for the altar, and this

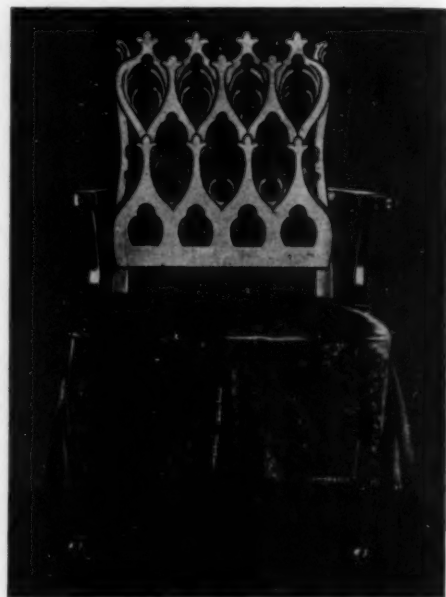
communion service is still in use by the church. She sent also to the church two chairs, one of them being still in use in the church. The other chair was destroyed when the Chapel was burned many years ago.

But perhaps the most interesting of all of the Queen's gifts to the church was the "Vinegar Bible" still to be seen in the church. What kind of a Bible is the "Vinegar Bible"? you may ask. It was a Bible published in the year 1717 in Oxford, England, by a man named John Baskett, the king's printer. The printer made a blunder in setting up the "Parable of the Vineyard" so that it read the "Parable of the Vinegar." Forty copies of the Bible with this mistake

in them were printed before the error was discovered and rectified. It is said that but four copies are now in existence, and one of them is the copy Queen Caroline sent to the church named in her honor. Another copy is in the famous old Christ Church in Boston; one is in the Lenox Library in New York, and the fourth is in Christ Church, Philadelphia. These copies are very valuable.

The first of November in the year 1789 was a great day in the history of old St. John's Church, for on that day General Washington attended services in the church and sat on the chair presented by Queen Caroline. General Washington made this record in his diary of his attendance at church that morning: "Attended by the president of the state (General Sullivan), Mr. Langdon and the marshal, I went in the forenoon to the Episcopal church under the incumbency of Mr. Ogden and in the afternoon to one of the Presbyterian or Congregational churches in which a Mr. Buckminster preached."

It is on record that General Washington made a very handsome appearance that morning. He wore an elegant suit of rich black



CHAIR PRESENTED TO ST. JOHN'S CHURCH BY QUEEN CAROLINE.

silk velvet, with brilliant buckles. He sat in the governor's pew which had a wooden canopy over it and heavy red plush curtains.

Queen Caroline's Chapel was destroyed by fire on Christmas eve of the year 1806—just one hundred years ago next Christmas eve. The erection of the present building was at once begun and it was occupied before the year 1807 was done. This story is told in connection with the building of the church. There was in Portsmouth on that day a miserly but well-to-do man, Shepherd Ham by name who was considered even too



MR. ROUSSELET PROPOSING TO MISS MOFFATT IN OLD ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

stingy to feed his horses half as much as they should have had. One night one of his poor old bony horses got out of the miserable barn that afforded it but little shelter. The next morning all of Portsmouth saw a strange sight. It was Shepherd Ham's old horse away up by the steeple of the church, to which lofty elevation he had been lifted by some mischievous persons by means of the elevator used for hoisting building material.

The bell in the tower of St. John's Church has an interesting history. It was captured from the French at Louisburg in 1745, and brought to Portsmouth by the officers of the New Hampshire regiment assisting in the capture. The bell hung for many years in Queen Caroline's Chapel. When it fell during the burning of the chapel it was so badly damaged that it had to be recast, and this work was done by Paul Revere. One may read this rhyme on one side of the old bell.

*"From St. John's steeple
I call the people
On Holy Days
To prayer and praise."*

On another side of the bell are these words:

*"I am the voice of life;
I call you; come! Pray!"*

There are plenty of tales of romance associated with this century-old church, a delightful description of which, by the way, you may read in Miss Sarah Orne Jewett's charming story of "The Country Doctor." Mr. Charles Brewster, who has written much about old Portsmouth, tells the story of a Mr. Nicholas Rousselet who proposed to a Miss Moffatt in a unique way during a service in the church. Mr. Rousselet had become very much enamored of the pretty Miss Catherine Moffatt, but, like many another love-lorn youth, found it difficult to offer her his heart and hand by a spoken word. On Sunday morning he went to old St. John's Church and sat in the Moffatt pew with Miss Catherine.

One fears that his mind was not fixed on the sermon, for while it was in progress young Nicholas handed Miss Catherine a Bible with

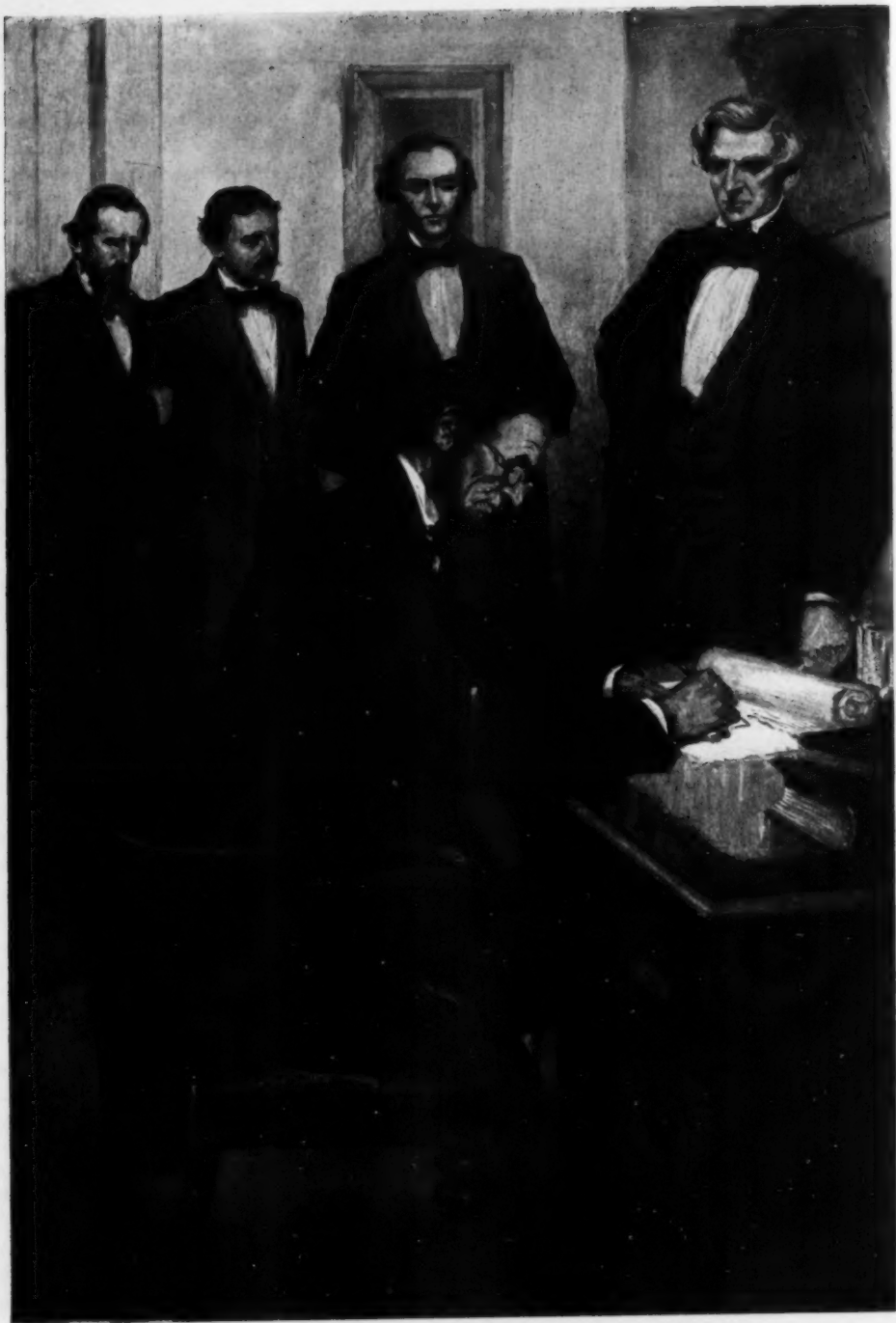
pencil mark around some words in the first verse of the Second Epistle of John. These words were: "Unto the elect lady." The fifth verse of the same chapter was marked, and it is as follows: "And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another." Miss Catherine blushed as she read these words; then she reflected for a few moments and presently the Bible went back to young Nicholas with these words in the book of Ruth marked: "Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried; the Lord so do to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

Naturally enough a wedding soon followed this unusual proposal.

An interesting thing in connection with the St. John's church of to-day is the fact that it still continues its "dole" of bread to the poor.

It is now more than a century since a member of the church died and left the church a legacy the income of which was to be forever used for giving to the poor of the parish a "dole" of twelve loaves of bread each Sunday morning, and for more than one hundred years this "dole" has been provided. The twelve tempting-looking loaves are placed on the baptismal font and covered with a snowy napkin. At the close of the service the bread is given away by the rector, and although there may not always be applicants to apply in person for the bread it finds its way to the homes of the poor. About seven thousand loaves of bread have been given away since this "dole" was first established.

The history of this ancient church is well worth studying. In the churchyard and within the walls of the building rests all that is mortal of many of the men and women who worshipped in the church before any of its present members were born, and no church in our country, with the exception of the Old South in Boston, has a more interesting history than has this ancient church in one of New Hampshire's ancient and most charming towns.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN SIGNING THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

THE BOYS' LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY HELEN NICOLAY.

IX.

FREEDOM FOR THE SLAVES.

By no means the least of the evils of slavery was a dread which had haunted every southern household from the beginning of the government that the slaves might one day rise in revolt and take sudden vengeance upon their masters. This vague terror was greatly increased by the outbreak of the Civil War. It stands to the lasting credit of the negro race that the wrongs of their long bondage provoked them to no such crime, and that the war seems not to have suggested, much less started any such attempt. Indeed, even when urged to violence by white leaders, as the slaves of Maryland had been in 1859 during John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry, they had refused to respond. Nevertheless it was plain from the first that slavery was to play an important part in the Civil War. Not only were the people of the South battling for the principle of slavery; but their slaves were a great source of military strength. They were used by the Confederates in building forts, hauling supplies, and in a hundred ways that added to the effectiveness of their armies in the field. On the other hand the very first result of the war was to give adventurous or discontented slaves a chance to escape into Union camps, where, even against orders to the contrary, they found protection for the sake of the help they could give as cooks, servants, or teamsters, the information they brought about the movements of the enemy, or the great service they were able to render as guides. Practically therefore, at the very start, the war created a bond of mutual sympathy between the southern negro and the Union volunteer; and as fast as Union troops advanced and secession masters fled, a certain number found freedom in Union camps.

At some points this became a positive em-

barrassment to Union commanders. A few days after General Butler took command of the Union troops at Fortress Monroe, in May, 1861, the agent of a former master came to insist on the return of three slaves, demanding them under the fugitive-slave law. Butler replied that since their master claimed Virginia to be a foreign country and no longer a part of the United States, he could not at the same time claim that the fugitive-slave law was in force, and that his slaves would not be given up unless he returned and took the oath of allegiance to the United States. In reporting this, a newspaper pointed out that as the breastworks and batteries which had risen so rapidly for Confederate defense were built by slave labor, negroes were undoubtedly "contraband of war," like powder and shot, and other military supplies, and should no more be given back to the South than so many cannon or guns. The idea was so pertinent and the justice of it so plain that the name "contraband" sprang at once into use. But while this happy explanation had more convincing effect on popular thought than a volume of discussion, it did not solve the whole question. By the end of July General Butler had on his hands 900 "contrabands," men, women and children of all ages, and he wrote to inquire what was their real condition. Were they slaves or free? Could they be considered fugitive slaves when their masters had run away and left them? How should they be disposed of? It was a knotty problem, and upon its solution might depend the loyalty or secession of the border slave States of Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri, which, up to that time, had not decided whether to remain in the Union or to cast their fortunes with the South.

In dealing with this perplexing subject Mr. Lincoln kept in mind one of his favorite stories: the one about the Methodist Presiding

Elder who was riding about his circuit during the spring freshets. A young and anxious companion asked how they should ever be able to cross the swollen waters of Fox River, which they were approaching, and the elder quieted him by saying that he made it the rule of his life never to cross Fox River until he came to it. The President, following this rule, did not immediately decide the question, but left it to be treated at the discretion of each commander. Under this theory some commanders admitted black people to their camps, while others refused to receive them. The curt formula of General Orders: "We are neither negro stealers nor negro catchers," was easily read to justify either course. Congress greatly advanced the problem, shortly after the battle of Bull Run by passing a law which took away a master's right to his slave, when, with his consent, such slave was employed in service or labor hostile to the United States.

On the general question of slavery, the President's mind was fully made up. He felt that he had no right to interfere with slavery where slavery was lawful, just because he himself did not happen to like it; for he had sworn to do all in his power to "preserve, protect and defend" the government and its laws, and slavery was lawful in the southern States. When freeing the slaves should become necessary in order to preserve the Government, then it would be his duty to free them; until that time came, it was equally his duty to let them alone.

Twice during the early part of the war military commanders issued orders freeing slaves in the districts over which they had control, and twice he refused to allow these orders to stand. "No commanding general should do such a thing upon his responsibility, without consulting me," he said; and he added that whether he, as Commander-in-Chief had the power to free slaves, and whether at any time the use of such power should become necessary, were questions which he reserved to himself. He did not feel justified in leaving such decisions to commanders in the field. He even refused at that time to allow Secretary Cameron to make a public announcement that the government might find it necessary to arm

slaves and employ them as soldiers. He would not cross Fox River until he came to it. He would not take any measure until he felt it to be absolutely necessary.

Only a few months later he issued his first proclamation of emancipation; but he did not do so until convinced that he must do this in order to end the rebellion. Long before, he had considered and in his own mind adopted a plan of dealing with the slavery question — the simple easy plan which, while a member of Congress he had proposed for the District of Columbia — that on condition of the slave-owners voluntarily giving up their slaves, they should be paid a fair price for them by the Federal government. Delaware was a slave State, and seemed an excellent place in which to try this experiment of "compensated emancipation," as it was called; for there were, all told, only 1798 slaves left in the State. Without any public announcement of his purpose he offered to the citizens of Delaware, through their representative in Congress, four hundred dollars for each of these slaves, the payment to be made, not all at once, but yearly, during a period of thirty-one years. He believed that if Delaware could be induced to accept this offer, Maryland might follow her example, and that afterward other States would allow themselves to be led along the same easy way. The Delaware House of Representatives voted in favor of the proposition, but five of the nine members of the Delaware senate scornfully repelled the "abolition bribe," as they chose to call it, and the project withered in the bud.

Mr. Lincoln did not stop at this failure, but, on March 6, 1862, sent a special message to the Senate and House of Representatives recommending that Congress adopt a joint resolution favoring and practically offering gradual compensated emancipation to any State that saw fit to accept it; pointing out at the same time that the Federal government claimed no right to interfere with slavery within the States, and that if the offer were accepted it must be done as a matter of free choice.

The Republican journals of the North devoted considerable space to discussing the President's plan, which, in the main, was favorably received; but it was thought that it must

fail on the score of expense. The President answered this objection in a private letter to a Senator, proving that less than one-half day's cost of war would pay for all the slaves in Delaware at four hundred dollars each, and less than eighty-seven days' cost of war would pay for all in Delaware, Maryland, the District of Columbia, Kentucky and Missouri. "Do you doubt," he asked, "that taking such a step on the part of those States and this District would shorten the war more than eighty-seven days, and thus be an actual saving of expense?"

Both houses of Congress favored the resolution, and also passed a bill immediately freeing the slaves in the District of Columbia on the payment to their loyal owners of three hundred dollars for each slave. This last bill was signed by the President and became a law on April 16, 1862. So, although he had been unable to bring it about when a member of Congress thirteen years before, it was he, after all, who finally swept away that scandal of the "negro livery-stable" in the shadow of the dome of the Capitol.

Congress as well as the President was thus pledged to compensated emancipation, and if any of the border slave States had shown a willingness to accept the generosity of the government, their people might have been spared the loss that overtook all slave-owners on the first of January, 1863. The President twice called the representatives and senators of these States to the White House, and urged his plan most eloquently, but nothing came of it. Meantime, the military situation continued most discouraging. The advance of the Army of the Potomac upon Richmond became a retreat; the commanders in the West could not get control of the Mississippi River; and worst of all, in spite of their cheering assurance that "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong," the people of the country were saddened and filled with the most gloomy forebodings because of the President's call for so many new troops.

"It had got to be midsummer, 1862," Mr. Lincoln said, in telling an artist friend the history of his most famous official act. "Things had gone on from bad to worse, until I felt

that we had reached the end of our rope on the plan of operations we had been pursuing; that we had about played our last card, and must change our tactics or lose the game. I now determined upon the adoption of the emancipation policy, and without consultation with, or the knowledge of the cabinet, I prepared the original draft of the proclamation, and after much anxious thought, called a cabinet meeting upon the subject . . . I said to the cabinet that I had resolved upon this step, and had not called them together to ask their advice, but to lay the subject-matter of a proclamation before them, suggestions as to which would be in order after they had heard it read."

It was on July 22 that the President read to his cabinet the draft of this first emancipation proclamation, which after announcing that at the next meeting of Congress he would again offer compensated emancipation to such States as chose to accept it, went on to order as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, that the slaves in all States which should be in rebellion against the government on January 1, 1863, should "then, thenceforward and forever be free."

Mr. Lincoln had given a hint of this intended step to Mr. Seward and Mr. Welles, but to all the other members of the cabinet it came as a complete surprise. One thought it would cost the Republicans the fall elections. Another preferred that emancipation should be proclaimed by military commanders in their several military districts. Secretary Seward, while approving the measure, suggested that it would better be postponed until it could be given to the country after a victory, instead of issuing it, as would be the case then, upon the greatest disasters of the war. "The wisdom of the view of the Secretary of State struck me with very great force," Mr. Lincoln's recital continues. "It was an aspect of the case, that, in all my thought upon the subject, I had entirely overlooked. The result was that I put the draft of the proclamation aside, as you do your sketch for a picture, waiting for a victory."

The secrets of the administration were well kept, and no hint came to the public that the President had proposed such a measure to his

cabinet. As there was at the moment little in the way of war news to attract attention, newspapers and private individuals turned a sharp fire of criticism upon Mr. Lincoln. For this they seized upon the ever-useful text of the slavery question. Some of them protested indignantly that the President was going too fast; others clamored as loudly that he had been altogether too slow. His decision, as we know, was unalterably taken, although he was not yet ready to announce it. Therefore, while waiting for a victory he had to perform the difficult task of restraining the impatience of both sides. This he did in very positive language. To a man in Louisiana, who complained that Union feeling was being crushed out by the army in that State he wrote:

"I am a patient man, always willing to forgive on the Christian terms of repentance, and also to give ample time for repentance. Still, I must save this government if possible. What I cannot do, of course I will not do; but it may as well be understood, once for all, that I shall not surrender this game leaving any available card unplayed." Two days later he answered another Louisiana critic. "What would you do in my position? Would you drop the war where it is? Or would you prosecute it in future with elder-stalk squirts charged with rose-water? Would you deal lighter blows rather than heavier? Would you give up the contest leaving any available means unapplied? I am in no boastful mood. I shall not do more than I can, and I shall do all I can, to save the government, which is my sworn duty, as well as my personal inclination. I shall do nothing in malice. What I deal with is too vast for malicious dealing."

The President could afford to overlook the abuse of hostile newspapers, but he also had to meet the criticisms of over-zealous Republicans. The prominent Republican editor, Horace Greeley, printed in his paper, the "New York Tribune," a long "Open Letter," ostentatiously addressed to Mr. Lincoln, full of unjust accusations, his general charge being that the President and many army officers were neglecting their duty through a kindly feeling for slavery. The open letter which Mr. Lincoln wrote in reply is remarkable not alone for the skill with

which he answered this attack, but also for its great dignity.

"As to the policy I 'seem to be pursuing,' as you say, I have not meant to leave anyone in doubt. . . . My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union, and what I forbear I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views. I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free."

He was waiting for victory, but victory was slow to come. Instead the Union army suffered another defeat at the second battle of Bull Run on August 30, 1862. After this the pressure upon him to take some action upon slavery became stronger than ever. On September 13 he was visited by a company of ministers from the churches of Chicago, who came expressly to urge him to free the slaves at once. In the actual condition of things he could of course neither safely satisfy them nor deny them, and his reply, while perfectly courteous, had in it a tone of rebuke that showed the state of irritation and high sensitiveness under which he was living:

"I am approached with the most opposite opinions and advice, and that by religious men, who are equally certain that they represent the Divine will I hope it will not be irreverent for me to say that if it is probable that God would reveal his will to others on a point so connected with my duty, it might be supposed he would reveal it directly to me. . . . What good would a proclamation of emanci-

pation from me do, especially as we are now situated? I do not want to issue a document that the whole world will see must necessarily be inoperative, like the Pope's bull against the comet." "Do not misunderstand me. . . . I have not decided against a proclamation of liberty to the slaves; but hold the matter under advisement. And I can assure you that the subject is on my mind by day and night, more than any other. Whatever shall appear to be God's will, I will do."

Four days after this interview the battle of Antietam was fought, and when, after a few days of uncertainty it was found that it could be reasonably claimed as a Union victory, the President resolved to carry out his long-matured purpose. Secretary Chase in his diary recorded very fully what occurred on that ever-memorable September 22, 1862. After some playful talk upon other matters, Mr. Lincoln, taking a graver tone, said:

"Gentlemen: I have, as you are aware, thought a great deal about the relation of this war to slavery, and you all remember that several weeks ago I read to you an order I had prepared on this subject, which, on account of objections made by some of you, was not issued. Ever since then my mind has been much occupied with this subject, and I have thought, all along, that the time for acting on it might probably come. I think the time has come now. I wish it was a better time. I wish that we were in a better condition. The action of the army against the rebels has not been quite what I should have best liked. But they have been driven out of Maryland, and Pennsylvania is no longer in danger of invasion. When the rebel army was at Frederick I determined, as soon as it should be driven out of Maryland, to issue a proclamation of emancipation, such as I thought most likely to be useful. I said nothing to anyone, but I made the promise to myself, and—[hesitating a little]—to my Maker. The rebel army is now driven out, and I am going to fulfil that promise. I have got you together to hear what I have written down. I do not wish your advice about the main matter, for that I have determined for myself. This I say, without intending anything but respect for any one of

you. But I already know the views of each on this question. . . . I have considered them as thoroughly and carefully as I can. What I have written is that which my reflections have determined me to say. If there is anything in the expressions I use, or in any minor matter which any one of you thinks had best be changed, I shall be glad to receive the suggestions. One other observation I will make. I know very well that many others might, in this matter as in others, do better than I can; and if I was satisfied that the public confidence was more fully possessed by any one of them than by me, and knew of any constitutional way in which he could be put in my place, he should have it. I would gladly yield it to him. But, though I believe that I have not so much of the confidence of the people as I had some time since, I do not know that, all things considered, any other person has more; and however this may be, there is no way in which I can have any other man put where I am. I am here; I must do the best I can, and bear the responsibility of taking the course which I feel I ought to take."

It was in this humble spirit, and with this firm sense of duty that the great proclamation was given to the world. One hundred days later he completed the act by issuing the final proclamation of emancipation.

It has been a long-established custom in Washington for the officials of the government to go on the first day of January to the Executive Mansion to pay their respects to the President and his wife. The judges of the courts go at one hour, the foreign diplomats at another, members of Congress and senators and officers of the Army and Navy at still another. One by one these various official bodies pass in rapid succession before the head of the nation, wishing him success and prosperity in the New Year. The occasion is made gay with music and flowers and bright uniforms, and has a social as well as an official character. Even in war times such customs were kept up, and in spite of his load of care, the President was expected to find time and heart for the greetings and questions and hand-shakings of this and other state ceremonies. Ordinarily it was not hard for him. He liked to meet peo-

ple, and such occasions were a positive relief from the mental strain of his official work. It is to be questioned however, whether, on this day, his mind did not leave the passing stream of people before him, to dwell on the proclamation he was so soon to sign.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon, after full three hours of such greetings and

handshakings, when his own hand was so weary it could scarcely hold a pen, the President and perhaps a dozen friends went up to the Executive Office, and there, without any pre-arranged ceremony, he signed his name to the greatest state paper of the century, which banished the curse of slavery from our land, and set almost four million people free.

(To be continued.)



"IT WAS A MEAN TRICK OF THE FIREFLIES TO GO ON STRIKE THE VERY NIGHT OF THE KATYDIDS' BALL."



PROFESSOR OWL EXHIBITS HIS NEW FLYING MACHINE.

FOXY MR. FOX: "HEY! MISTER AIRY NAUGHT, LET 'S SEE YOU RUN IT WITHOUT USING YOUR WINGS!"

THE SONG-SPARROW'S TOILET.

BY H. H. BENNETT.

A SPLASH into a silver brook ;
 A dainty little dipping ;
 A dart into a quiet nook,
 With all his feathers dripping ;
 A little shake, a little tweak,
 To stir up every feather ;
 A pretty preening with his beak
 To lay them all together ;
 A stretch of wing, some fluffy shakes ;
 A flash — he 's flown away !
 This is how the sparrow makes
 His toilet for the day.

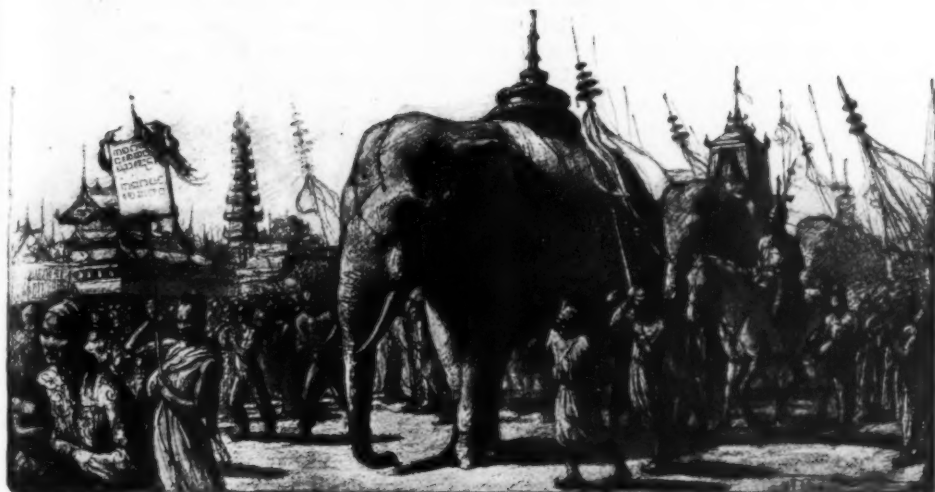


A PATRIOTIC EXPLOSION.

The match was white,
The flame was blue,
The giant cracker red,
And Tommy saw the stars, when he
Came down upon his head!

Pauline Frances Camp.





THE STONE OF SUCCESS.

BY MARY E. MITCHELL.

IF an American boy of about twenty years ago could have looked down upon Mandalay, the capital of Burmah, he might have seen what would appear to him a circus procession winding its glittering way through the streets, past the grey bamboo houses, past the glistening, golden palaces of the King, splendid in their barbaric magnificence, past the gay bazaars busy with noisy traffic, out into the country roads and up toward the hills beyond. And the same boy might venture many a guess before he would alight upon the true purpose of this gay train of soldiers and grandees, and great elephants, brightly trapped, walking with dignified and ponderous tread. For just such a parade was peculiar to Mandalay, that city of "the sunshine, and the palm trees, and the tinkling temple bells."

Around the Burmese capital rise the Ruby Mountains with jungle-covered slopes and wild beast-haunted forests, holding in their clefts and recesses stores of rich red treasure. The King of Burmah was called the "Lord of the Rubies." He owned all the mountain mines of precious stones, and when a valuable gem was found, a

runner from the hills bore the glad news to the palace. Then the King would order out his troops with all the trappings of state, and the procession would set out on the mountain road to meet the ruby, welcome it and escort it back to the monarch and the royal treasury. For, next to the sacred white elephant, no possession was so cherished by the Burmese royalty, as was the ruby.

In 1886, Burmah was annexed to England and the British government took the mines. The processions no longer wind their welcoming way to the hills; the elephants are busy "pilin' teak, in the sludgy, squidgy creek," and the ruby has lost a bit of its charm by becoming merely a valuable article of commerce, instead of an almost sacred treasure.

All through the ages the ruby has been called the stone of good luck. According to the old stories, whoever owned a ruby would never fail in anything he undertook, for that beautiful jewel held in its glowing red heart a magic power which always brought success. No matter how dangerous the task, the ruby was sure to give courage and victory. In the days

of ancient Greece, when a rich man wished to express to a friend good wishes for wealth or honor, he sent to him a ruby engraved with the figure of an orator. To-day, the ruby is considered the luckiest of stones, though the good fortune, as we see it, lies in the owning of anything so precious, for even the diamond is not so valuable a gem.

The ruby is the stone of July, and the fire which abides in its red heart is truly typical of that burning month of summer. According to legend, however, this fire varied with the fortune of the owner. A popular superstition in regard to the ruby was the belief in its power to foretell danger or disaster by the changing of its color.

It was a favorite talisman and love-token in the time of the Crusaders. Many a gallant knight, clothed in armor, has borne to battle his lady's heart in the shape of the burning gem; or has ridden out to wage war with the unbeliever, leaving a pledge of his true love in his sweetheart's keeping,—a red, and flaming ruby.

Henry V wore a magnificent ruby at the Battle of Agincourt and it proved to be a stone of success for him. Queen Elizabeth had a weakness for jewels. Mandeville says that she displayed to him "a fair ruby, great like a racquet ball." Sir John's stories, however, will always bear a little pruning. Elizabeth presented a ruby ring to each of her favorites, the Earls of Essex and Suffolk. There is a sad little story connected with Lord Essex's ruby. When that noble, sentenced for treason, was in the Tower awaiting his death, he sent the ring, the gift of happy days, to the Queen. Perhaps it would have softened her heart with its memories of old time friendship, but she never received it. Instead, it fell into the hands of Lady Nottingham, who, by her husband's advice, withheld it. When she was dying, Lady Nottingham sent for the Queen and confessed. "May God forgive you!" cried Elizabeth. "I never can."

The Coronation ring of Scotland was set with a ruby. It was the custom to send this jewel with the messenger who notified the heir of his coming to the throne. When James the Second made his unkingly flight across the Channel,

he had the ring concealed in his person, and it narrowly escaped being taken by the fishermen who searched their royal passenger for gold. The ring is now in the royal collection at Edinburgh.

The finest ruby in the world is owned by the King of Burmah. The largest European ruby is in Russia and is the size of a pigeon's egg.

There are three ways of obtaining the ruby: by cuttings made in the hill sides; by boring into the clefts and seams; and by washing the ruby gravel. The small stones are of little value, but a perfect ruby of five carats is worth five or six times as much as a diamond of the same size and quality.

After all, what is a ruby? The man wise in science will at once say that it is a transparent and colored variety of corundum, possessing properties of double-refraction and electricity; that its color is of the heart of the solar spectrum, that its name "rubino" signifies red, and that the Oriental is the only true ruby. But all that means so little; it explains nothing of the beauty and mystery of the stone. It does not tell how that light, caught from the deepest tint of the heart's blood came to be held in the tiny crystal; nor how the fable grew up about it and the fairy tale clothed it with its charm. Why try to analyze it? Rather take it as it is, a bit of petrified glory out of the great warm earth, set in a shining circle of myths and fancies.

There is a very old story, or legend, associated with the ruby. It is told by an ancient Latin writer:

THE CRANE'S GRATITUDE.

A BIT OF GREEK FOLK-LORE.

Heraclea sat at her door, her baby on her knee. Before her, at the foot of the hill-slope, lay Athens the Beautiful, the Violet-crowned. Beyond the low, flat roofs of the city rose and fell the many-tinted waters of the Gulf, sparkling in the happy light of day. Warm breezes scented with wild thyme lifted the dark tresses of the mother's hair and fanned the little one's cheek.

But Heraclea's heart was heavy. The battle of life had been hard since Callias left her, twelve weary months ago. Phorion was a wee baby

when the fever had carried off his father and left the still youthful mother with three children to keep from hunger. Heraclea did not often find an idle moment in which to sit, as she

to Heraclea's cheek as she recognized the newcomer. It was the wealthy and noble citizen Euclemion to whom she was in debt, and a quick little anger stole into her gentle heart as

he gave her a kindly but patronizing greeting. She remembered the past if he did not. Callias had once done Euclemion a great service, so great that in the warmth of the moment Euclemion had said that no favor could be too great in return. Yet when Callias had fallen upon ill times and gone to his friend for help, Euclemion had lent him money, it is true, but at a high rate of interest, and he had said nothing of his former gratitude. Callias had concealed his hurt, but Heraclea never forgot it. The home in Athens was given up, the little house on the hillside taken and the debt gradually paid. The once warm friends stood only in the relation of debtor and creditor. Then came Callias' death, and Heraclea, helpless in her poverty, had humbled her pride and borrowed once more from Euclemion.



"THE CRANE, PUTTING OUT HIS LONG BILL, DROPPED SOMETHING INTO HER LAP."

was sitting now, a lazy part of the sleepy noonday world.

As she sang to her baby boy a shadow fell across Heraclea's sunny door-way. A tall, handsome man was coming up the little foot-path with that leisurely carriage which characterized the Athenian of the better class. A flush came

Heraclea laid her boy softly in the shoe-shaped osier cradle and greeted her guest with a dignity worthy of a Greek matron. He refused to be seated, saying that his chariot awaited below.

Little Phorion, roused by the voices, stretched and sat up in his cradle.

"That s a fine boy of yours, Heraclea!" exclaimed the visitor. "What is to become of him?"

The mother snatched the baby in her arms. "I know not, oh, I know not!" she cried. "Nay, mother's little one, my red carnation, do not grieve," she continued, as Phorion began to whimper.

"Heraclea, I came to-day to speak of the debt; the time for the interest is at hand, but I have changed my mind. In a twelve-months give me that boy and I will forgive you the obligation, yes, and more; I will pay you a sum over and above," said Euclemion.

"Give you my Phorion!" cried Heraclea. "Give you my baby! Have you not a tiny one of your own? Surely you have enough children to bless your hearth."

Euclemion smiled, a little scornfully.

"Yes," he said slowly, "yes, I have children enough to bless my hearth. My youngest is but a six-months old. In a few years this boy will be of the right age to—to tend him. He shall grow up with him and serve him."

The truth, with all its brutality, broke upon the mother. She remembered now; she had heard of debts being cancelled in that way, with the sanction of the law. Gently putting Phorion on the ground she rose to her full height.

"And so you, *you*, Callias' friend, come for his child as your *slave*!"

"And why not, Heraclea? You cannot feed these great children much longer. It will be many a day before your other boy Glaucon can help you; especially if you let him keep at the schools instead of putting him to work in the fields or shops. I will give you the year in which to decide; when it is ended the debt must be paid in good coin or—Phorion. Let this thought grow in your mind."

"The debt shall be paid," said Heraclea. "I will work night and day. The gods will help me. As for selling my child to be a slave, I will tell you, Euclemion, I would rather see him laid by his father in the tomb yonder."

But Euclemion only smiled as he turned and went down the slope.

"Mother, Mother!" cried a fresh voice, that of Glaucon, and two strong arms were thrown about her, as she stood with her face in her

hands. "What is it? and why has that man troubled you?"

It was a lithe young figure which held her and the thick black curls brushed her cheek, so tall was her big boy.

"No, no, my Glaucon, I am not troubled; he is but an evil dream that vexed me. Now it is passed. I will think of him no more."

"I hate him," thought Glaucon.

"Mother," he said aloud, as they stood, their arms entwined, while little Phorion on the ground called lustily for attention, "Why do you not let me go to work? I am big and strong."

Heraclea smiled down at her boy as she took his slender hands in her own.

"The gods have given you a great gift, my son. Some day my Glaucon will be a famous sculptor; we must keep these hands for their true work. Meantime learn all you can."

As the little group stood in the sunshine a flutter and whirl overhead drew their eyes upward. For a number of years a couple of cranes had been accustomed to feed in the garden of the house, welcome and fortunate guests. Now, there was a great commotion about the wall, a hurried flapping of wings and hoarse cries of distress. Suddenly, one of the cranes fell, a fluttering white heap, directly at Heraclea's feet. She stooped and touched it with a gentle hand.

"Nay, Master Crane, it is a friend; do not glare so fiercely. See, Glaucon, its leg is broken; oh, it is cruel, poor bird." So together they worked until a splint had been bound about the fracture and the hurt was soon healed.

Time went on; the golden summer days passed and the air was tinged with the chill of approaching winter. The big birds as usual took their flight to their southern home.

When the Spring returned it brought no awakening gladness to Heraclea. To be sure, little Phorion waxed strong again; he was able to play out once more in the warm sunshine; the color crept into his wan little cheeks and the sweet curves came back to his dimpled limbs. But his mother's heart was agonizing over the thought which had grown to a dreadful certainty. She no longer could hide the truth

from herself. There was no possibility of her paying anything toward the debt.

One day Heraclea told Glaucon the fate which was hanging over them. The boy's grief and anger were piteous to see.

"It cannot be, Mother!" he cried. "Our Phorion! Euclemion is a wicked man. Can nothing be done?"

Heraclea shook her head. "It is within the law, my son."

Then Glaucon, with a look which sat strangely on his boyish face, declared that he would offer himself in Phorion's place; that he would bury all his hopes in slavery that the little lad might grow up in freedom.

"Did ever mother have such a son?" thought Heraclea proudly; but she only said, as she put her arms about him and looked into his clear, true eyes:

"Nay, my Glaucon, you are your father's eldest son and the head of the home. It is as the gods have willed. The luck has departed

self. "It is too late. What good fortune can they bring?" and she put her face down to her lap and burst into sobs. A slight touch on her shoulder brought her back to the present and she raised her head. A great white bird stood by her side.

"Master Crane!" she cried. "Why, Master Crane! Did no one welcome you back, poor bird? Oh, it is a sad house to which you come, Master Crane."

The crane maintained his solemn and unruffled dignity as Heraclea stroked the glossy neck. Then, putting out his long bill, he dropped something into her lap, and with a sudden whirl was off to his nest. Heraclea looked in astonishment. "The pretty red glass!" she exclaimed aloud. "To think of Master Crane's bringing a gift. Let no one say that a bird does not have a grateful heart."

A little stone lay in her hand like a crimson drop. She fingered it curiously, and entering the house she laid it carefully on a shelf.

Glaucon came in before long, sad and tired, but with a look of resolve on his young face.

"Mother," he said and hesitated. "Mother, I have found work in the market. To-morrow I leave the school."

Heraclea's heart rebelled within her, but she said nothing. She would not make the sacrifice harder for her good boy. So she only kissed his cheek and laid her hand softly on the dark curls. Then, to divert his attention, she told him of the crane's gift.

"Is that it upon the shelf?" cried Glaucon. "Why, Mother, in the dark corner it shines like a lamp. One could almost see by its light." Heraclea looked in astonishment; a red glow illumined the shadows in which it lay.

"What can it be?" she exclaimed. "Is it the work of demons?"

Glaucon took the little stone between his thumb and finger and carried it to the light. It was glowing like a drop of rich red wine.

"Old Cleon the goldsmith is wise in such matters," he said. "I will go and bring him," and before his mother could remonstrate the boy was off and down the hill.

Glaucon forgot his tired limbs as he sped over the slope to Athens



"WHEN HERACLEA PUT THE CRANE'S GIFT INTO HIS HANDS, A CHANGE CAME OVER THE ROUGH FACE."

from the house; even the cranes have not returned to us."

It was a warm, spring afternoon a week later, and Heraclea sat once more at her door.

A soft stirring and fluttering overhead, roused her for a moment.

"The cranes have returned," she said to her-

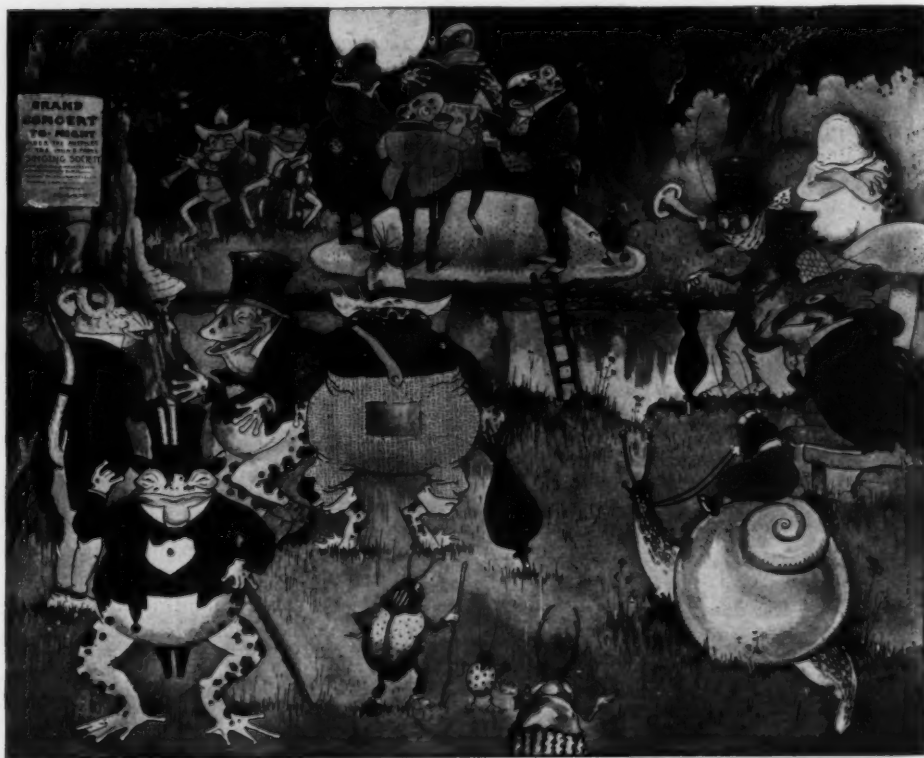
Old Cleon was in his shop. He growled a bit at the long walk on the wild goose chase of a boy's notion, but he was fond of the bright-faced, willing lad who had more than once done him a favor, and, leaving his stall in the care of his apprentice, he bade Glaucón lead on.

Heraclea received Cleon as a distinguished guest. Chloris brought water for his tired feet and simple refreshments of bread and fruit. Heraclea put the crane's gift into his hand. A change came over the rough face. The eyes under the shaggy brows lighted up with a glance so keen that it seemed to penetrate to the very heart of the little crystal. For some time he

said nothing; he tapped and weighed the tiny stone and held it up, peering at it in all lights. Then he turned to Heraclea:

"I know not how you came by this," he said, "but there is none such in all Athens. If it is yours, you are favored of the gods. Never but once have I handled such a ruby."

The sun rose brightly on the little house the next morning. Heraclea and Glaucón had been too happy to sleep. Phorion was theirs, and peace and prosperity and Glaucón's future were secure. It was almost too much joy to come at once: Ah, the blessed crane!



THE MEADOW-GRASS SINGING SOCIETY GIVES A CONCERT.

CELEBRATING THE FOURTH.



"THE MOSTEST FUN OF EVERYTHING, THE FOURTH OF THIS JULY,
WAS WHEN, FROM OUR BACK GARDEN GATE, WE TWO—JUST SPOT AND I—
WE WATCHED A GREAT BIG, BIG BALLOON SAIL UP INTO THE SKY!"



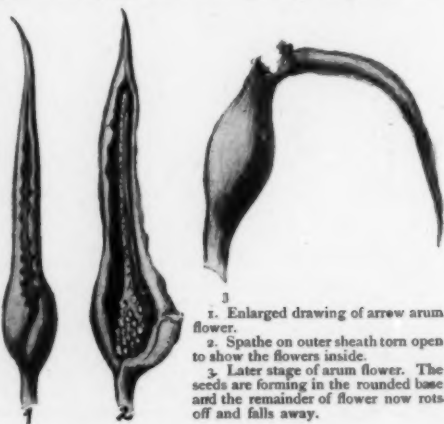
THE ARROW ARUM
(*PELTANDRA VIRGINICA*)
GROWING IN THE SWAMP.

SOME SWAMP FLOWERS OF JULY.

SUCH a splendid floral company is formed in the lowlands at this season, by the red Turk's-cap lilies, sunflowers, and lobelias which gather along the shore; and by the white and yellow pond lilies which float out upon the still water, that less conspicuous flowers are likely to pose unnoticed.

The arrow arum's green sheath is so uninviting that we have doubtless passed it many times as an object incapable of affording either interest or pleasure. Yet, like many another inconspicuous flower, the green arrow arum (*Peltandra Virginica*) is distinguished by very peculiar and interesting habits and as we watch it through the summer months, some remarkable movements will be seen to take place. The green sheath or spathe is so closely folded about the spike of flowers that, if we were not acquainted with its nature, we would be apt to wait for a further unfolding before beginning our study. This, however, would be a mistake for the ruffled edges spread no farther apart than is shown in the illustration. If we wish to examine a flower in detail, and we must do this in order

to understand its later development, then, it is necessary to tear the outer sheath apart. This has been done in the sketch marked 2, where we see the inner cream colored spike, covered for most of its length with flat, disc-like shields. These discs hold the staminate flowers beneath their irregular edges, while the group of berry-like projections at the stalk's base are the pistillate flowers and will develop into the seeds.



1. Enlarged drawing of arrow arum flower.
2. Spathe on outer sheath torn open to show the flowers inside.
3. Later stage of arum flower. The seeds are forming in the rounded base and the remainder of flower now rots off and falls away.

A transformation of the entire structure takes place as the seeds begin to grow. The sheath's edges at the base slowly approach each other

been unable to prepare flowers which would fittingly crown the lofty stem. Even so they form most decorative features in the dense mid-



FURTHER DEVELOPMENT OF THE ARROW ARUM.

The rounded base of the sheath with its contained seeds bends downward until it resembles a snake's head thrust forward as if to strike. The likeness increases as the stem bends; the head leans lower and lower and finally deposits the seeds upon the muddy bottom.

and, as they develop, clasp the young seeds safely and tightly inside, while, at the same time, the upper part of the spathe with its contained spike of withered flowers begins to rot and fall away. This decay takes place down to a point just above the rounded base, upon a line as clearly defined as if it had been previously marked and determined. This stage of growth is complete by the last of June or early July and the seed receptacle now looks like illustration 3 at the bottom of page 840.

Gradually the supporting stalk leans away from the perpendicular and, at the same time, the rounded seed holder bends itself still more sharply downward, until it looks like the first figure at the top of this page. It resembles a snake's head thrust forward as if about to strike. This likeness increases for the head leans lower and lower with the inclining stem, and, as the seeds enlarge, the sheath's edges, which have been so tightly clasped, now gape wider and wider, mouthlike, until the ripened seeds are cast out upon the muddy bottom. This growth is very slow and extends over the entire summer and autumn. The stage which is shown third in the above series is not reached until the middle of August, while the final act of seed scattering takes place in the middle or last part of September.

The column of emerald foliage which the false hellebore rears above the swamps and creeks in spring is one of the most beautiful features of the opening season. Its flowers, however, which open in May and continue to bloom even into July, are much less conspicuous and are rarely noticed. It almost seems as if the plant had put all its effort and vigor into the perfecting of its lustrous foliage and so had

summer swamps and lift their dull green or yellowish flowers seven feet or more into the air. This great plant is packed away during the winter in a large conical bud, which reposes just beneath the surface of the swamp. Covered with long bristly hairs it successfully withstands the cold and takes the first encouraging spring days as a sign to push upward and expand. Like its neighbor, the swamp cabbage, the false hellebore or Indian poke is poisonous to taste both in its leaves and root, so, although we can admire at a distance, we should avoid a close acquaintance.



THE FALSE HELLEBORE GROWING IN THE SWAMP.
On account of their green color the flowers are not likely to attract general attention.

The bluish-purple spikes of the pickerel weed decorate the swamp borders and are lifted above the shallow water along the shore. Although



THE PICKEREL WEED IN BLOSSOM.

These purple flowers are visible all through the summer.

these blue flowers appear in June and may be seen even in late September, the individual blossoms last for only one day, and the long floral season is made possible by the succession of new flowers which open each morning. Here, too, the brilliant swamp milkweeds over-lean the bank and allow their bright orange and scarlet reflections to shine in the still water. The purplish rose-colored spikes of the false dragon-head or obedient plant will attract us by the peculiar trick they have of swinging about on the stem as the wind blows, so as to present their mouths or heads in the opposite direction. Very shy dragon-heads they certainly appear to be, for any child can blow upon them until they turn timidly away, and obediently remain there on the opposite side of the stalks. It has been suggested that this habit of turning away from the wind is useful to the plant, particularly in stormy weather, as the flower openings are then preserved from the rain and kept dry.

It has been suggested also that on fair days the flower turns to leeward so as to present its gaping lips in sheltered position where insects can best alight. Perhaps our young folks will observe and give their explanations. Scientists are rather in doubt as to the reasons.

Many other obscure and little-noted plants have unusual activities; such as the eel-grass (*Vallisneria spiralis*) which springs from the

pond bottom and separates its submerged staminate flower from the parent stem that it may rise to the surface and scatter its pollen there. Indeed, it would seem as if those plants which lack beauty and attractiveness—the worthless and obscure—are gifted with some remarkable faculty, some strange and exceptional life custom, that we may realize how the forces which are at work in the earth to-day are as ordered and wonderful as those which determine the revolutions of the stars.

HOWARD SHANNON.

A BURL SUGGESTING A HUMAN HEAD.

ON page 748 of *Nature and Science* for June was illustrated a peculiar growth of wood as the result of an injury to the tree. It was explained that ornamental forms for veneer and other uses are also sometimes the result of similar injuries.

Herewith is an illustration of a piece of veneer that—with no great exercise of fancy—shows a striking resemblance to a human head, with eager, wistful eyes, a determined expression of mouth, luxuriant head of hair and regular grandfather's beard.

Perhaps this remarkable face was "touched up" slightly by the veneer artist, but the essential outlines were undoubtedly all of Nature's own making.



A CURIOUS PIECE OF VENEER.

A SWARM OF BEES BENDS DOWN A SMALL TREE.

It was in the early afternoon of a fine day about the middle of June. Nature was doing her bountiful and wondrous work, the clover was in full bloom, it seemed as if the entire atmosphere in the vicinity of the apiary was delicately perfumed, and the bees by thousands were going to and fro between the hive and the fields, filling the air with a joyous hum of contentment. That murmur was noticed to become suddenly louder, and to sound a certain peculiar note familiar to the learned ear of the observant bee-keeper, who, looking toward the apiary discovered that the air was crowded with bees circling about a particular hive. As he approached he found that the bees were coming out so rapidly that many of them could not gain a footing so as to take wing, and consequently they landed in large numbers on the grass in front of the hive. With difficulty those on the ground gradually managed to fly into the air carrying the heavy load of honey, with which on swarming they are always well supplied. When they were almost all on the wing, they formed an army of myriads, and darted so swiftly through the air, that they looked like so many strings extending upward through the atmosphere, and making a sound that can only be described as a roar. The scene was a grand one, and one of which a person who has not observed such a swarm, must fail to form any but the most inadequate conception. After hovering over the apiary for a few minutes, they gradually began to alight on the top of a small locust tree that stood near the middle of the yard. When they had partially alighted, the tree, which was an inch or less in diameter, began gradually to bend. As the bees became more and more numerous, and more of them settled down on the cluster, the tree continued to bend, until its top rested on the ground. Then the apiarist was obliged to prop it up so that the little fellows might have a more comfortable place on which to rest, and so, too, that they might be photographed to better advantage.

An empty hive was prepared and brought close to the bunch, and by a quick jolt of the tree the swarm was shaken off close to the en-

trance. On discovering the opening they started into the hive at a rate almost as swift as that at which they had come out, at the same time setting up a buzz of delight as they marched in by the thousand, apparently with-



A SWARM OF BEES BENDING DOWN A LOCUST TREE.

out any respect for one another's person, and without giving the slightest heed to the man that was so interested in watching them.

A. L. ERRETT.

A WHITE THISTLE.

"STOP, please," I said to my companion. "There's a flower I want." We were driving over the Berkshire hills and something new by the roadside had attracted my attention. On climbing out of the carriage, I discovered that a clump of pasture thistles (*Cirsium pumilum*) had borne a snow white flower-head. Now I do not mean a faded yellow white blossom that has withstood rain and sun and has been drained of its sweets by insect visitors, but a large white flower-head of exquisite beauty. It was fully as fragrant as its purple neighbors and measured nearly two

inches across. A bee was busily at work in its plume-like fringes.

There were several buds on the plant, and,



WHITE THISTLES.

The flowers of most thistles are reddish-purple; those of some varieties are yellowish, but rarely white or cream color.

after examining them, I decided that this bunch of thistles bore only white flowers.

Doubtless this beautiful blossom was a freak of nature, a variation among the pasture thistles, and not a new species. It is suggestive to remember that from such variations in our garden flowers some of our prized varieties have been obtained. However in Nature's garden they seem to make little headway. Had the seeds of this plant ripened they doubtless would have produced a large proportion of white thistles, but I picked the fairy-like blossom and before the rest of the buds had unfolded, a farmer came along with his scythe and mowed off the plant. Perhaps this was not mere chance, for Nature never allows such abnormal freaks to increase in numbers, although they are sometimes far more beautiful than the species to which they belong. Like the albino among animals, perhaps such variations are less adapted to their surroundings.

W. C. KNOWLES.

ROBBING THE MAILS.

SINCE free delivery of mail in rural districts has been established I have been pleased to discover two or three pairs of bluebirds nesting undisturbed in mail boxes by the roadside. It is gratifying to know that the birds allowed themselves to be disturbed two or three times a day, and yet not abandon their nests. But the thing that gives the bird lover the greatest delight is the fact that no one robbed the nests. I am sure the bluebird will in time learn to appreciate this kindness, and the day is not far distant when it will be a common occurrence to find some kind of bird's nest in every home-made box that holds a letter.

In this prospect there is, however, one disturbing factor—the despicable English sparrow. One mail-carrier has already brought serious charges against this ruffian. In the first case money was taken by sparrows from a mail box on two occasions and seemingly for revenge. A pair of sparrows had started to build a nest in a mail box; the owner at once threw out the



THE MAIL BOX OCCUPIED BY BIRDS.

nest—to the annoyance of the sparrows. They in turn carried off, on two occasions, stamp-money wrapped in paper from the box. One

parcel was found about twenty feet away and the other fully one hundred yards off.

From another box, because they wanted to build in it, the sparrows carried away two letters which were recovered by mere accident. The gentleman who had placed the letters in the box, soon after, in passing, looked in to see if the carrier had yet come. The letters were missing and the man would have thought nothing more about the matter if he had not spied an English sparrow in a near-by hedge tugging at a piece of white paper. On investigating he found both of his letters in the hedge. So a new charge can now be brought

young out, the good carrier put the letter back into the box and laid a stone on it, thinking more than ever of Mrs. Robin and her babies.

ARTHUR RUSMISSELLE MILLER SPAID.

A STORY OF A CAT.

"BABY" was her name. She was beautifully marked with gray and white, and was renowned for her gentleness and her graceful manner. She was early taught that she should not even look at a bird. The lesson began in the house by placing her near a canary, and then gently slapping her if she looked at the bird. She understood what was intended.



"BABY," THE CAT, IN A HEN'S NEST IN A BASKET, WITH LITTLE CHICKENS.
("Courtesy of 'Poultry Husbandry.'")

by the postal authorities against the saucy, bothersome English sparrow.

Strange to relate, this same letter carrier has a grievance for a similar offense against a robin; the truth is, he caught Mrs. Robin in the very act of "robbin'" the mails.

On this particular occasion a letter had been dropped into the box by the letter carrier, who thereupon drove to the last box on his route, a short distance beyond. As he turned to drive back he saw the robin drop something white over the hedge across the road from her nest. On investigation he found the robin had taken the letter from the box and dropped it in the field.

Now, instead of throwing her nest and

She was exceedingly kind and careful about hurting any living thing. Even for her kittens she never caught birds or squirrels as do most mother cats. She was, however, taught to catch mice, and for these she would hunt faithfully. She was very fond of chickens, and would often take a nap in a hen's nest.

The accompanying photograph shows her in such a nest. She would lie in this basket for hours, and if a little meal were sprinkled near her and on her fur, the young chickens would go and pick it up, and, finding her fur soft and warm, would nestle down beside her. This seemed to gratify her, and she plainly made them welcome.

C. F. VAN SANT.

“BECAUSE WE
WANT TO KNOW”
??????????????

St. Nicholas
Union Square,
New York

CEDAR APPLES.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We study mushrooms every year. We know the poisonous ones from the harmless. Last summer, during a rainy spell in June, we found some very curious mushrooms, at least we thought they were mushrooms. Their color was a deep orange. They were moist, fleshy and very frail, and I think they belong to the trembling kind. They were bunches of tassels that grew out of the fruit of the cedar tree. Will you please tell me their name?

Yours truly,

HELEN G. BRISTOW (age 10).

I have read the letter which Helen G. Bristow wrote you describing some very “curious mushrooms” which she found in June during a “rainy spell” growing “out of the fruit of the cedar tree.” From the description which she gives it is easy to see that the “mushroom,” or fungus, which she found, is one of the “cedar rusts.” What Helen calls the fruit of the cedar is known popularly as “cedar apple,” but it is not the fruit of the cedar. It is a “gall” which is caused by the growth of the “spawn,” (or more correctly speaking *mycelium*) of the cedar rust in the leaves and twigs of the cedar. The “spawn” of the cedar rust enters the leaves and twigs of the cedar early in summer, and stimulates the growth of the tissue of the cedar to form this gall known as cedar apples, somewhat as the “sting” of

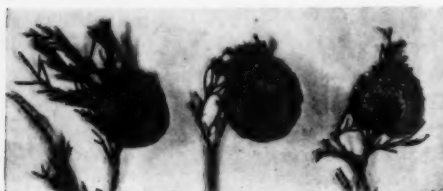


FIG. 1.—“CEDAR APPLES” AS THEY APPEAR IN THE WINTER AND SPRING BEFORE THE WARM RAINS COME.

an insect causes the growth of the oak galls sometimes formed on leaves of the oak. But we must remember that the two are very different, and that in the tissue of the “cedar apple” there is a great amount of the mycelium of

the cedar rust. This gall or “apple” continues to grow during the summer and in the autumn is about the size of a small crab apple in well-formed specimens as shown in Fig. 1. In this condition it remains during the winter.

The surface of the “apple” is marked by very curious round pimple-like projections each one seated in a little circular depression. Underneath this “pimple” there is formed a mass of the spawn or mycelium which develops a vast number of curious tiny bodies known as spores



FIG. 2.—“CEDAR APPLES” WITH THE LONG, ORANGE, JELLY-LIKE “TASSELS” OF THE CEDAR RUST.

which serve the purpose of seeds for the rust fungus. Also there is formed a great quantity of an orange jelly-like substance. Now in the spring when the warm rains come the water soaks up this jelly and causes it to swell and ooze out in long orange yellow “tassels” as Helen calls them.

Now this fungus, like many other rust fungi, leads a very curious life. It has its summer, autumn and winter home on the cedar. But for a short time in spring and early summer it goes off on a vacation, so to speak. Its vacation home is on the apple (apple rust) in the orchard, or on the wild crab apple, or even on the june berry or shad bush. It builds here a “cottage,” as it were, that is, its home is smaller. It sends its “spawn” or mycelium, into the leaf or twig of the cedar and finally forms long tubes which grow to the outside like chimneys, and the walls of these tubes become split into very slender strips which curve back on the apple leaf like fine lace. These tubes are filled with spores of the fungus which are carried by the wind to the cedar when the rust returns after its vacation. These spores behave something like “seeds,” for they germinate and form the spawn or mycelium which enters the cedar.

There is another very curious thing about these rusts that go off on a vacation for a part of the year. The spores formed on the apple are very different from those formed on the cedar, and those formed on the cedar are not carried to the apple. How then does the rust get from the cedar to the apple? It packs itself and its luggage, so to speak, into a very much smaller spore than the one formed on the cedar or apple. These tiniest spores are formed from the larger ones on the jelly-like "tassels," and the wind then carries them to the apple where it spends its vacation.

Helen asks for the name of the "mushroom." I have given its common name but there are so many of these rusts with the same common name, I think St. Nicholas ought to allow me to give the scientific name. From her description I should say the name of the one she saw is *Gymnosporangium macrospus*, which is the one shown in figures 1 and 2. In this one the "tassels" on the cedar apple are long, slender and pointed. There is another one which forms cedar apples also, but the "tassels" are short and somewhat wedge-shaped, the free end being broader than the end attached to the cedar apple. This one is known as *Gymnosporangium globosum*, and the cedar apples are usually smaller.

There are a number of other rusts on the cedar which do not form apples. In some the orange "jelly" oozes out of the injured branches, and one of them forms "birds' nests" or "witches' brooms" on the cedar.

GEO. F. ATKINSON.

DUCKS FEEL WITH THEIR BILLS.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have noticed that in Stow Lake there was a circle of ducks going round and round with their beaks in the water. I would like to know what the cause of it is.

Your friend, the sister of a subscriber,

MARTHA WEBER.

They were probably searching for food. The tip of a duck's bill is so sensitive, that food may be recognized and picked up without being seen by the bird. While it appears to be hard and horny, it is said to be more sensitive than the tip of your finger.

PREVENTING RABBITS FROM KILLING THEIR YOUNG.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am very fond of rabbits and raise quite a good many when I am in the country. Please tell me if they need salt. I can't find out and would very much like to know.

Does a father rabbit in the wild state kill his little ones if he gets a chance? Does the mother hide them



YOUNG ENGLISH RABBITS.

At this age, six or eight weeks, one at a time they should be taken away from the mother.

from him? I find that if any of my little rabbits are in the same cage with their father when they are born, even though the cage is quite large, that he tears the nest to pieces (the mother pulls the fur off her body to make it warm), and kills the little rabbits, sometimes he eats them.

Your interested reader,

ELIZABETH ELLSWORTH (Age 13 years).

In captivity it is the rule amongst animals for the strong to bully and oppress the weak, and even to kill them. There are very few exceptions to this law, and the case of the rabbit is merely an incident which illustrates it. Of course this is one of the results of captivity, and lack of opportunity to work off surplus energies in natural ways.

The stress of captivity sometimes induces the mother also to kill her own young, especially if they are kept too long with her or she is put in distress by lack of proper care, especially of water. In undue thirst she seems partly crazed and will do strange things.

Rabbits should occasionally (about once a week) have a little salt. It may be dissolved in drinking water, or sprinkled in meal or bran, or given in any other convenient way.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

FOR JULY.



"A HEADING." BY RICHARD A. REDDY, AGE 17. (CASH PRIZE.)

BYGONE DAYS.

BY MARGARET EWING (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

THE moon shone white o'er hill and dale,
O'er the sentinel wheat and the whisp'ring trees,
Lofty and calm, serene and pale,
Like a white, bright boat in the sky's vast seas.

The wee stars laughed with their sparkling eyes,
And clustered and crowded hundreds deep,
Looking and laughing down from the skies,
At the queer earth-people who needs must sleep.

And now in the field there's a rustling low:
Perhaps it is only the sly night breeze,
But the wheat stalks are whisp'ring "We know! we know!"
As they bend and sway like storm-blown trees.

And now the rustling dies away,
Where trees on the wheat their shadows throw
Where the field path turns to a woodland way,
And the deep green moss doth thickly grow.

Look! 'twas no breeze that swayed the wheat
But the tiny forms of a fairy band,
That tripping along on elfin feet
Went forth to dance in the forest land.

No longer they wend through field and wood,
Gone are the times of Fancy and Fay,
And the true old tales of the fairies good,
Are called the myths of a bygone day!

THIS month we have given our "Honor Member" poets a chance—not especially because we wanted to do so, but because their work was so good that it demanded place, and would not be put aside. Indeed, most of the poems in this number of the League would do credit to the pages of the big magazines, and if our young verse makers keep on—if they persevere and do not become discouraged because of failure at first, and perhaps for what seems a very long time, the editor feels safe in prophesying that not fewer than half a dozen names in this issue of the League will be found by and by in many "Tables of Contents."

Perseverance and the refusal to confess defeat are essential elements in the making of success. The most superlative genius without them will flare and flicker and go out in a night of despondency and failure. The smallest spark of talent may be carefully nursed and tended and fanned into a torch of triumph. Someone has said that genius is only the ability to take infinite pains. It is not that. It is a great God-given gift, but if the possessor does not add to it industry and resolution, it is a wasted prize and a doubtful blessing. The possessor of the tiniest talent who will fight and keep on fighting, without discouragement and without neglect will attain the greater heights of victory and will know the greater joy which comes of success well and manfully won. This is not meant to be a sermon, though it may sound like one. It is only the repetition of some things we have said before, suggested again now, by the fine poems in this issue, all, or nearly all, the work of old and persevering members who, if they do not faint and fall by the way, will some day make their mark.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION, No. 78.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, **Miriam Allen DeFord** (age 17), 2116 N. 19th St., Philadelphia, Pa., and **Margaret Ewing** (age 12), 629 McCallie Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn.

Silver badges, **Primrose Lawrence** (age 14), St. Gabriel's School, Peekskill, N. Y., and **Gladys Vezey** (age 13), Care Davies Hotel, Walla Walla, Wash.

Prose. Gold badges, **Herbert A. Crozier** (age 15), 209 W. 84th St., N. Y., and **Margaret Eleanor Hibbard** (age 13), Iberville, Quebec, Can.

Silver badges, **Helen A. Russell** (age 13), 29 First Ave., Iliou, N. Y., **William Sisson** (age 12), Flagstaff, Ariz., and **Elizabeth Thompson** (age 10), Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.

Drawing. Cash prize, **Richard A. Reddy** (age 17), New Brighton, S. I.

Gold badges, **Ethel C. Irwin** (age 15), 3d and Main Sts., Quincy, Ill., and **Edwin G. Cram** (age 16). Address missing; please send.

Silver badges, **Katharine Hunt** (age 13), 204 Buckminster Road, Brookline, Mass., and **Lewis Tenney Ross** (age 9), Care Capt. Tenney Ross, Ft. Assiniboine, Montana.

Photography. Cash prize, **Gertrude M. Howland** (age 13), Conway, Mass.

Gold badges, **Mary M. P. Shipley** (age 13), 1034 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa., and **Hermon B. Butler, Jr.** (age 14), 1920 Wellington Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Silver badges, **Eleanor Marvin** (age 17), 1 S. Spring St., Pensacola, Fla., and **Susan J. Appleton** (age 13), 74 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Wild-creature Photography. First prize, "Pelicans" by **Francis du Pont** (age 12), 808 Broome St., Wilmington, Del. Second Prize, "Juncos" by **Anne**

Wales Brewster (age 12), 25 Sigourney St., Jamaica Plains, Mass.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Buford Brice** (age 12), 1404 Harvard St., N. W., Washington, D. C., and **Isabel McGillis** (age 12), Walkerville, Montana.

Silver badges, **G. Huntington Williams, Jr.** (age 13), 303 Cathedral St., Baltimore, Md., and **Arthur Davidson** (age 10), 238 East 69th St., New York City.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Cecil H. Smith** (age 11), 150 Rock St., Fall River, Mass., and **John Irving Pearce**, 3d. (age 13), 2808 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Silver badges, **Felix Umscheid** (age 13), 503 Fifth St., San Antonio, Tex., **Harold S. Hill** (age 11), Gorham, Me., and **Angela C. Darkow** (age 16), 3911 Poplar St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A VOICE FROM THE BYGONE DAYS.

(ON SEEING A MOSAIC PAVEMENT FROM ANCIENT CARTHAGE.)

BY MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD (AGE 17).

(Gold Badge.)

"'CARTHAGO,' dicebat, 'delenda est.'"
 "Delenda est!" and in those words the curse
 Fell on that proud fair city of the south
 Whom men called Carthage. And from out her
 walls
 Arose the wail of women, and anon
 The short weak cry of some babe, over-young
 To die the death of famine.—So she fared,
 Until the Roman eagles, swooping down,
 Vol. XXXIII.—107.

Screeched with a hoarse and bloody-gargling voice
 Their triumph; and the Roman fire-brands flamed,
 And once again and for the last time burned
 To earth the fiery South-queen. Thus her site,
 Once fertile, now grew barren. On it stands
 Only a miserable fisher-town,
 A piteous echo of the days gone by.—
 "Carthago," diximus, "deleta est."

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY MARGARET ELEANOR HIBBARD (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

It can scarcely be called a "family" tradition which I am about to relate, but it is an incident which is connected with an old sword, at present in my father's possession.

In the year 1784, my great-great-grandfather, who was a U. E. Loyalist, left the United States and came to Canada with many other people. He received a grant of land from the British Government, consisting of one thousand acres, bordering on the Chateaugay



"SOME OLD LANDMARKS." BY GERTRUDE M. HOWLAND, AGE 13. (CASH PRIZE.)

River, and many of my relatives are now farming on the land. I myself visit there frequently. On this land he lived happily for half a century, and, as I said before, his descendants are still living there.

In 1813, his son was engaged in the battle of Chrysler's farm, where he did service as a Canadian trooper. During the fight, when the Canadians were forcing their enemies to retreat, he managed to wrench a sword from a young American, but at the same instant he fell with a bullet in his right leg. He held on to the sword, however, and when he was allowed to return home, he brought it with him.

Long after the war was ended, and peace was restored, he found the original owner of the sword, and discovered that they were distant cousins.

The American had remained loyal to his country; the Briton had remained loyal to his father's cause.

They soon became firm friends, despite the difference of opinion concerning political matters, and both lived to a good old age, grandfather being eighty-nine years

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY HERBERT A. CROZIER (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

A TRADITION passed from generation to generation in our family is the story of the engagement between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis. While to the general reader there would seem nothing unusual in this to us it is more than an ordinary story, for Captain Pearson, the commander of the Serapis, married a Crozier, and was therefore related to ancestors of ours.

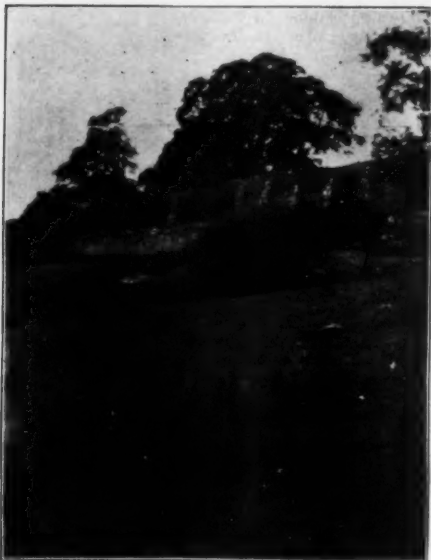
It was on Sept. 23, 1779, that the engagement took place on the coast of Yorkshire, H. M. S. Serapis and Countess of Scarborough being the ships on one side and a squadron under Commodore John Paul Jones on the other.

The British ships were escorting home a merchant fleet, and when off the coast of Yorkshire, the American squadron was sighted. The merchant fleet immediately withdrew to the protection of the guns of Scarborough Castle, while the men-of-war drew out in battle array to meet the enemy.

The engagement lasted upwards of four hours and only terminated when the British captain finding his mainmast shot away, and his ammunition exhausted, surrendered. For some inexplicable cause the rest of the American ships, with the exception of the Pallas, (which defeated the Countess of Scarborough), looked on the engagement without giving assistance to their comrades.

Captain Pearson although defeated, was knighted by King George III, and presented with a service of plate, and also the freedom of their corporations, by those boroughs on the east coast which lay near the scene of the engagement. He was also offered the deputy governorship of Greenwich Hospital, which position he accepted and held until his death. The original painting and autograph of Captain Sir Richard Pearson is in possession of the family.

I consider that I am fortunate to be connected with one who had the honor to be the opponent of that immortal hero of the American Navy—John Paul Jones.



"WALL OF LADY JANE GREY'S BIRTH-PLACE." BY MARY M. F. SHIPLEY, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

old when he died, but the age of the American was not definitely known.

And this is the tradition connected with grandfather's sword.

THE SOLDIER'S BYGONE DAYS.

BY PRIMROSE LAWRENCE (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

Yes, this is an empty sleeve, lad,
And a scar 's across my head,
And you see this dent in my hand, lad,
That too, had a taste of the lead.

And many a time have I sat, lad,
Within the camp-fire's glow,
Many a mile from home, lad,
In those days of long ago.

And once in a battle I fought, lad,
'T was a scene I'll never forget
I can hear the voice of the general, lad,
And the cannon's booming yet.

And my comrades lying round, lad,
In agony and in pain;
'T was a pitiful, fearful sight, lad,
I wish ne'er to see it again.

But, oh, 't was a glorious time, lad,
And as long as I live, I know—
I'll be proud of a soldier's scars, lad,
And those days of long ago.



"MELROSE ABBEY." BY HERMON B. BUTLER, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

BYGONE DAYS.

BY GLADYS VEZEY (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

ALAS! that pleasures as they pass
 Ne'er seem so pure and near to
 us:
 The flower's that deck the meadow
 grass
 When gone will seem more dear
 to us.

Sweet memories of the by-gone
 days,
 Life's fairest, richest treasure:
 Solace of our checkered ways
 And source of dearest pleasure.

And little things will break the
 chain
 That binds us to the present:
 A rain drop on the window pane:
 Above—the new born crescent.

The song of bird; the hum of bees,
 Among the garden flowers:
 The blossoms on the apple trees
 Recall our happiest hours.

Thus memory with her magic wand,
 Smites all the clouds that bind us
 To that enchanted fairy land
 That we have left behind us.



"JUNCOS." BY ANNE WALES BREWSTER, AGE 12.
 (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

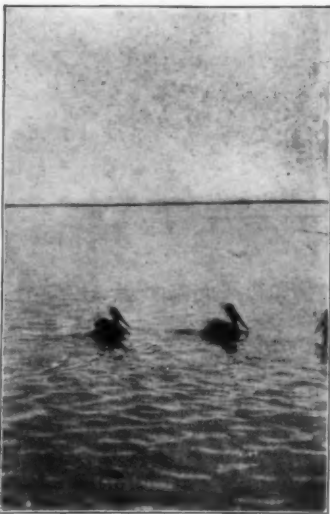
A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY HELEN A. RUSSELL (AGE 13).

(Silver Badge.)

PROBABLY most of the readers have heard of the regicides, Goffe and Whalley, two of the judges who condemned Charles the First to death, and fled to this country in 1660. They landed at Boston on July 27.

These men stayed in the vicinity of Boston until March, 1661. As it was not safe to remain there any longer for fear of detectives, they went to New Haven,



"WILD PELICANS." BY FRANCIS DU PONT,
 AGE 12. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD
 PHOTOGRAPH.")

Connecticut. They did not stay in the town of New Haven much of the time, however, but dwelt in small towns, nearby. Among these were Milford and Paugussett.

In the latter town lived some of my mother's ancestors, Sergeant Edward Riggs and family. They sheltered the regicides in their home for some time.

After leaving the New Haven region, these men went to Hadley, Massachusetts, where they arrived in October, 1664. The minister of Hadley, Reverend John Russell, was my ancestor, eight generations removed. Goffe and Whalley stayed with him for fifteen or sixteen years. I do not know that they stayed all of the time at my great-grandfather's house, however. Some authorities say that they spent the time between the families of Mr. Russell, Mr. Peter Tilton, and Mr. Samuel Smith. Others say that they stayed all of the time with Mr. Russell.

It was during the time of their stay with him, that Goffe was supposed to be the "Angel of Hadley." The story is told, that when an attack was made on Hadley, a mysterious person came from the minister's house, and rallied the soldiers in defense of the town, against the Indians. When the red men had been beaten, this man disappeared as mysteriously as he had come. This was supposed to be Goffe.

The last account of him was dated April 2, 1679. It is not known when he died. Whalley probably died about 1676.

Some writers say that they were both buried in my great-grandfather's cellar, others, that only Whalley was buried there, and still others, that their bodies were removed to New Haven. It is not known which is correct.

I think that Mr. Russell did not suffer for having sheltered the regicides.

From time to time, when their wives or families sent them money, Goffe and Whalley turned over part of it to Mr. Russell, so he was fully repaid for his trouble.



"A SONGSTER." BY GEORGE W. LORD.



"HEADING." BY ETHEL C. IRWIN, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

BYGONE DAYS.

BY ELSIE F. WEIL (AGE 16).

(Honor Member.)

THE golden music of Apollo's lute
No longer echoes through the skies;
And Pan, half god, half brute,
He, too, is mute—
His broken syrinx in the swamp-grass lies.

The chaste moon-goddess drops her silver bow,
And guides her noble milk-white pair
Above the haunts of doe,
Above the low
Wild hanging caverns which the rude beasts share.

The lovely wood nymphs, crowned with garlands gay,
Leave dimpled stream and shelt'ring tree;
The Hours and Graces stray
Far in their play
From earth, and former scenes of revelry.

All gone—all but sweet Psyche—sad and lone,
With draggled wings and weary feet.
She wanders from her throne—
An ivy grown
Shrine, where young Love and Psyche used to meet.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ELIZABETH THOMPSON (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

I AM going to tell you something about my great-uncle. In 1851 he went to California during the gold fever time. He was successful in mining and started for home in August 1857. After crossing the isthmus by railroad he sailed from Aspinwall on the Central America which proved to be the George Law, an old steamer which had been refitted to bring passengers from

California. The ship struck a gale off Cape Hatteras, and the steamer began to leak badly. For hours the men worked to save the ship, but that night the ship went down with hundreds on board. The women and children were put aboard a brig, whose captain saw the steamer's distress signals. Several passengers went crazy; some strewed their bags of gold around their cabins. My great-uncle pulled off his cabin door in hopes to keep afloat on it, then he with others jumped overboard. They heard the ship go down with a roar and all was still, except for the cries of more than five hundred men in the rough sea.

The men clinging to the door, drifted for hours and were nearly dead.

Nine of them were picked up by a Norwegian vessel bound for England.

The crew of this ship were superstitious and all night a large sea bird had kept flying in their faces, which they thought meant trouble, so they turned their course and came upon these struggling men.

Billy Birch, the famous minstrel, was one who was picked up, and my great-uncle said Birch kept them awake while out in the water with his funny jokes, and so helped to save their lives.

Mrs. Birch, the wife of the minstrel, was among the women saved.

Before she left the sinking ship she put her little canary bird in a small box and put it safely into her bosom.

When she reached Norfolk, Va., the little songster was shown alive in a little cage made for it by the sailors.



"WASHINGTON ELM, CAMBRIDGE." BY SUSAN J. APPLETON, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

BYGONE DAYS.

(THE REVERIE OF AN OLD MAN.)

BY SUSAN WARREN WILBUR
(AGE 12).

(Honor Member.)

'T is spring again; the
brooklet sings
The same old song it sang
of yore;
The mead is green and cloud-
less skies
O'erspread the waking
earth once more.

The scent of flow'rs upon the
breeze
Allures the wand'rer's
steps away,
But though I search through
wood and vale
In vain I seek the thrill of May.

In youth full often I would roam
Through vale, o'er hill at dawn of spring,
To seek the May-flow'r 'neath the leaves,
To stoop and hear the blue-bell ring.

I love the wild, but now my foot
O'er moor and heath no longer strays;
Old age is here, my youth is fled,
It vanished with the bygone days.

NOTICE.

The ST. NICHOLAS League is an organization
of St. Nicholas readers. Its membership is free.
A League badge and instruction leaflet will be
sent on application.



"ANDREW JOHNSON'S TAILOR SHOP." BY ELEANOR
MARVIN, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



"HEADING." BY EDWIN G. CRAM, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

BYGONE DAYS.

(TO AN OLD COMPANION.)

BY NANNIE CLARK BARR (AGE 15).

(Honor Member.)

THE sun, bright fingers of joy is laying
On placid valley and hilltop high;
And June incarnate is laughing, playing,
Where runnels rival the limpid sky.
'Tis dark to me, for my heart is straying
In that lost June of the days gone by.

We wandered over the land together,
Our thoughts as glad as the red-birds' cry,
Our dreams as free as a floating feather,
Our souls far up where the swallows fly.
No portent dimmed the enchanted weather
That other June of the days gone by.

The sun-gem drops from its azure setting,
The day is gone, with a dying sigh;
My soul is weak with the old regretting
Of days we reveled in, you and I.
Forget? Alas, there is no forgetting
That other June of the days gone by.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY WILLIAM SISSON (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

On the night of May 9, 1775, my great-great-grand-
father, Henry Willcox, and one companion were awak-
ened by the soldiers of Colonel Ethan Allen who were
on their way to capture Fort Ticonderoga.

They asked my grandfather if he could get them boats
to cross Lake Champlain. He and his friend said that
they would try, so they dressed quickly and ran down
the shore two or three miles where a negro had charge
of some British boats.

The young men motioned for him to come ashore
but he refused until shown a jug of liquor which they



"OLD RELICS." BY KATHARINE HUNT, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

said was for him. No more persuasion was needed and while drinking the contents of the jug he was seized and bound to a tree.

They then jumped in the negro's boat and towed the others to where Ethan Allen was waiting.

The soldiers and my grandfather with them hastily rowed to the other side and made ready for the attack.

Early in the morning the fort was startled by the sound of guns. The British soldiers were still asleep and it was an easy matter for our soldiers to gain an entrance.

Ethan Allen rushed into the room where the commander of the fort was still in bed, demanded surrender "in the name of God Almighty and the Continental Congress" contrary to history which gives "in the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

Although Henry Wilcox is not mentioned in history I think he played an important part in the capture of Fort Ticonderoga.

THE BYGONE DAYS.

BY ISADORE DOUGLAS (AGE 17).

(Honor Member.)

We are only the toys, and we're broken and old ;
And packed in the chest up here
In the lonely garret we've lain untouched,
Forgotten for many a year.

The elephant's stuffing has all come out,
The doll and her house are worn,
The iron engine has lost its wheels,
And the picture-books are torn.

We lived down stairs in the bygone days,
In the days that will come no more ;
And the children played with us all day long
In the land of the Nursery Floor.

Oh, those were the days when the dolls had heads
And the battered stone blocks were new ;
But now we lie in this silent place,
And the nursery is lonely too ;

For our friends the children have quite grown up :
They've forgotten their childish plays ;
But we, the toys, though we're broken and old,
Still dream of the bygone days.

BYGONE DAYS.

BY JOSEPHINE FREUND (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

It always was the fashion then,
For children to be quiet when,
The ladies talked to gentlemen,
In bygone days.

But now it is another way,
The children talk all through the day.
And do not mind what people say
As in the bygone days.

THE TRADITION OF OUR HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY ALICE NAHAOLELUA (AGE 17).

If you would take a long journey with me down to Honolulu, you would see sights strange to American eyes—

The native boys in their canoes, out fishing, the beautiful color of the sea, and also the tropical foliage.

And if we should take the boat there, and go still further to Lahaina in the Island of Maui, which is the



"GUILFORD COURT HOUSE." BY MARGARET L. LEE,
AGE 12.

third largest island of Hawaii, we could go to my summer home.

There you would notice two houses, one of stone, and the other of wood, with a large stone foundation. Strangers say when they sleep in this house they are thrown out of bed, in the middle of the night. This is supposed to be because the stones of the foundation were taken from an old heathen temple. This temple was in a cocoanut grove, and the people went there to worship stone idols. When they became Christians it was abandoned, and one of my ancestors took the stones to build this house. Being very superstitious the people believe it is haunted, and the members of this family will never be able to disprove this story, as only strangers are said to be treated in this unceremonious way.

BYGONE DAYS.

BY ELMIRA KEENE (AGE 17).

(Honor Member.)

In that sweet time of early youth
Our wild imaginations ruled.
Then you were Mrs. Vanderbilt
And I, your neighbor, Mrs. Gould.

Through some lost charm that childhood wrought
Our dolls were dressed in silk and lace.
We made a palace in our dreams
From out a bare, unlovely place.

You were a beauty in a robe
Of silver white with silky sheen,
I looked my best in velvet gowns
Of garnet, rose and misty green.

Our gems were set in purest gold,
Bracelet, pendant and solitaire
And brilliant light a diamond gave
Shining against your dusky hair,

Only a farce: we played it well.
And blighting circumstance was fooled,
When you were Mrs. Vanderbilt,
And I, your neighbor, Mrs. Gould.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY TWILA A. MCDOWELL (AGE 16).

WHEN my great-great-grandfather and grandmother
Uptograph first came to America, everything was covered
with woods, and they had no near neighbors.
They soon made a clearing and built a loghouse, a barn,
and a pig-pen.

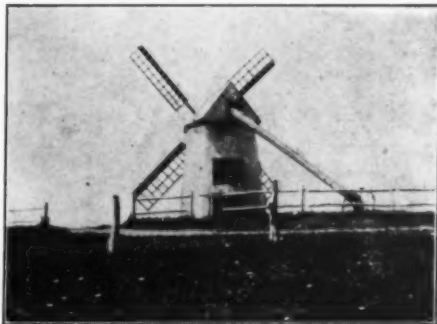
One day Grandpa noticed that one of his pigs was
gone. The next night he was awakened by a pig squealing,
and went out to see what was wrong. To his surprise,
a bear was sitting on the pig's back. The bear



"CASTLE OF BRAU BRUA." BY MARIAN DRURY,
AGE 15.

did not kill the pig but was biting its head. The pig
was trying to get away, but instead of getting away, it
only carried the bear with it. Of course the pig could
not go very fast, but I think the bear must have enjoyed
its ride. Grandpa did not know what to do, so he
straddled the bear's back and took hold of its ears.
The pig soon dropped after the bear and Grandpa were
both on its back.

At last the bear got tired of the pig, and began to pay
some attention to grandpa, who then had his ride. It
only lasted a few seconds, but I do not think he enjoyed
it very much. He began calling for Grandma,



"AN OLD LANDMARK." BY HELEN J. PHILLIPS, AGE 12.

and she came out with the pole-ax and pounded the
bear on the head until it was dead.

Grandpa was cold by this time for he had nothing on
but his night clothes, so he hurried back to the house.

After that he thanked God that he had such a good
brave wife, and I think he was many times kinder to
her than before.

TALES OF BYGONE DAYS.

BY PHYLLIS SARGENT (AGE 12).

(Honor Member.)

WHEN in the firelight's ruddy glow
The children gather after tea,
They ask for tales of long ago,
Tales of the days that used to be;

Of ladies fair and gallant knights,
The true, the noble and the brave;
Of battles fought on land and sea;
Of those who earned a glorious grave;

Of those brave men, who left their homes,
To fight upon the far Crusade;
Of Joan, who died for France, her land,
Burned at the stake, the fearless "Maid";

Of those who fought in freedom's cause,
For Scotland's right, nor fought in vain
Of others yet, a countless host,
Whose days will never come again.

Oh, fast the evening hours will fly,
There in the firelight's ruddy blaze,
When to the children gathered round
Are told the tales of bygone days.

BYGONE DAYS.

BY ELEANOR JOHNSON (AGE 7).

BYGONE days were fairest,
Bygone days were best,
So the old folks tell us
Grandma, and the rest.

Children—never naughty,
Did as they were told,
Always knew their lessons
In the days of old.

Had no trains, nor trolleys,
Electric lights—unknown.
Never dreamed of such a thing
As talking thro' a "phone."

Fashions were quite funny,
Hoopskirts then were new:
Indians roamed the country,
Dreaded sight to view!

Tho' the old folks, tell us
How fine the bygone days!
I notice they're contented
With all our modern ways.

As for me, I'm glad, that,
No matter what they say,
Bygone days are bygone
And *this the present day.*



"OLD TOWER AT NEWPORT." BY ALLAN
LINCOLN LANGLEY, AGE 13.

A DARING ACT.

BY MARGARET WHITNEY DOW (AGE 14).

PEOPLE do not often realize how our little army was fighting Indians after the close of the Civil War. Nor do they realize how bloody a war it was. As many were killed as in some better-known wars, though not in the same length of time. My father's cousin, Lloyd Brett, was in the army at the time of which I speak. He was a dashing, brilliant young fellow, and once when his general went on a small expedition, he put Brett in command of a body of scouts. Suddenly they were surrounded by Indians (a no uncommon situation) in great numbers. The Sioux had dismounted and made the attack on foot, leaving their ponies in the rear in charge of a few guards. The soldiers were greatly outnumbered and the Indians were as well equipped as they. There seemed no hope for the little body of whites.

Suddenly an idea occurred to Brett. He had learned from experience (and also what his Indian allies had told him) that Indians were very fond of their ponies, and if they were stampeded the Indians would do anything possible to quiet them. So Brett advanced to the commanding officer and asked permission to break through the lines and stampede the ponies. "Well, Brett," was the reply, "I don't order you to do it; you would be taking your life in your hand. But it is your life or all of ours, and I see no other way."

Then Brett drew up his small body of scouts, and made one great dash straight

for the ponies. Of course the Sioux had no idea of his intention, but they strove to keep him back. But Brett and his men forced their way through. The Indians, thinking he had gone to get aid, hastened the attack, seized the soldiers and—well, a miss is as good as a mile. Brett's party stampeded the ponies, and the pony guards gave the alarm. The main body of Indians, thinking they were attacked from the rear, broke up and escaped as quickly as possible, leaving their prisoners behind. Thus the expedition was saved by Brett, and later he received a gold medal for his courage and daring on this occasion.

THE FLAMES.

BY MARY BURNETT (AGE 10).

UP the chimney leap the flames
Red, and blue, and yellow.
In the fire a lovely man
Such a bright green fellow!
Pictures in the flames I see
Cities, castles, towers,
Children playing in the sand,
Pretty parks with bowers.
Thus the pretty, changing flames
Entertain me daily
Through the winter I am told
They are dancing gaily.

OUR FAMILY TRADITION.

BY CONRAD E. SNOW (AGE 16).

THE SNOWS were a hardy, sea-faring family of New England pioneers. The one of whom I write, Thomas Snow, was the captain of a Cape Cod whaler, in about the year 1770. He was my great-great-grandfather.

One day, while cruising along in a stiff breeze, somewhere in the North Atlantic, the look-out, high in the masthead, cried, "There she blows!" A spout of water in the distance announced a whale. At once all was bustle. The boats were manned, and the gruff old sea-captain himself, climbed down into the first one.

An exciting race for the huge "bull-sperm" followed. My grandfather's boat arrived first. The harpooner, standing in the bow with his heavy iron-barbed weapon in his right hand, and with the coil of rope to which it was attached, in his left, speared the whale. With a snort of pain, the monster dived, dashing spray over the boat with his tail.

The rope sang across the bow as it swiftly uncoiled from its tub. Finally it slackened, and the crew waited expectantly for the whale to rise, spouting, to the surface.

Then a most unusual thing happened—he came up directly under the boat, and with a blow of his great tail, stove it to splinters. The men were thrown among the white caps, the captain among the rest.

Here my grandfather always paused, and a smile ran around the family circle.



"HEADING." BY ALWYN
C. B. NICHOLSON, AGE 17.

When he struck the water, my grandfather sank beneath the surface. But, kicking out in a vigorous attempt at swimming, he struck something hard with his foot. A rush of water followed, and he was thrown forcibly forward and to the top, as he relates, directly from the mouth of the whale, which had evidently rushed upon him at that instant. It was his lower jaw he had kicked. Their would-be prey was not seen afterwards.

By this time the other boats had reached the scene, and picked him up with the rest of the struggling crew. And he lived to tell the tale; our only family tradition.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY FANNIE CRAWFORD GOLDING (AGE 17).

LONG ago there lived a class of theologians called schoolmen, who derived their name from the fact that they were trained in the great cathedral schools founded by Charlemagne.

Some of these schoolmen were wise and good, but they were so dogmatic in their teachings that after a while they became unpopular; and when a new school of learning arose almost every one deserted them.

A few still clung to the old learning and its teachers, the leader of whom was Duns Scotus, one of the most famous of Franciscan monks; but most scholars thought it a mark of progress to despise them all, Duns Scotus in particular.

Whenever one of his followers attempted to prove an argument by citing some opinion which he had expressed, his adversary would contemptuously reply, "Oh, you are a Dunsman," or "I see you are a Duns."

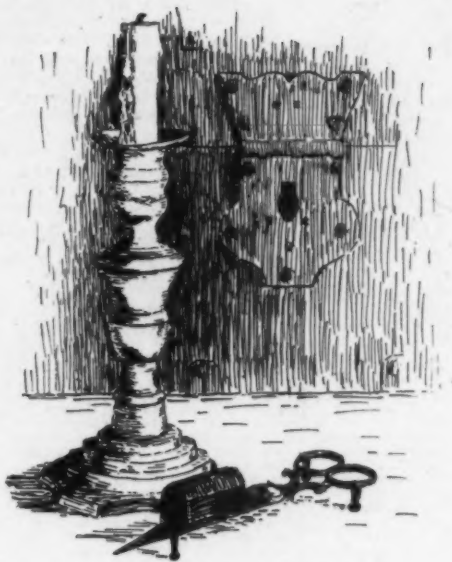


"A SHOWER." BY DORA GUY, AGE 11.

As the old learning became more old-fashioned, so the schoolman became more and more an object of ridicule and scorn, until Tyndal wrote: "Remember ye not how within this thirty years and far less the old barking curs, Dunce's disciples, and like draft called Scotists, the children of darkness, raged in every pulpit against Greek, Latin, and Hebrew?"

And long after, when teachings and teacher have alike been forgotten, his name still survives in the form of dunce, an epithet of reproach applied to every stupid school-boy.

VOL. XXXIII—108



"OLD RELICS." BY DOROTHY OCHTMAN, AGE 13.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY IRENE BOWEN (AGE 14).

THE hero of "Gulliver's Travels" is Lemuel Gulliver, an Englishman who lived in the reign of Queen Anne. In 1727 he started on a voyage and, like the famous Robinson Crusoe, was shipwrecked and had to swim for his life. He landed safely on the shore of the imaginary kingdom of Lilliput. The people who lived there were tiny pygmies, only six inches tall. For them Swift originated the word "Lilliputians."

The pygmies made Gulliver a prisoner and carried him "up country." One day, several of the guards wished to see his face and climbed upon him while he was asleep. One of them stuck his spear up Gulliver's nostril, which made him sneeze violently. The frightened pygmies stole quietly away, and Gulliver did not know for three weeks why he awoke so suddenly.

The capital of the kingdom was Milendo, where the king's palaces were. The city was five hundred yards square, and the wall around it was two and one half feet high and eleven inches wide. This was broad enough for four Lilliputian horses to go abreast upon.

"The king," Gulliver says, "was fully one half inch taller than the others, which in itself was enough to inspire awe."

He always wore a tiny suit of golden armor.

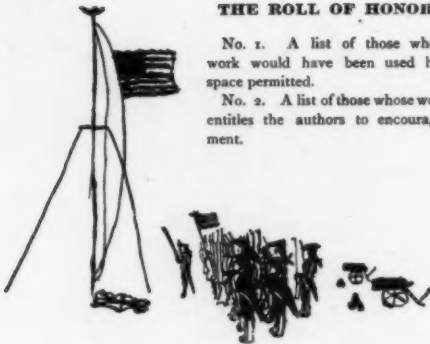
"I could appreciate the wonderful sight of the Lilliputians," Gulliver remarks, "when I saw a cook pulling a lark no larger than a common fly, and a girl sewing with invisible needle and thread."

When "Gulliver's Travels" was first written people meant only the inhabitants of Lilliput when they said "Lilliputian." Gradually, however, it came to mean any very small person or dwarf. Now the word is an accepted part of the English language and is quite common.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles the authors to encouragement.



"A HEADING." BY LEWIS TENNEY ROSS, AGE 9.
(SILVER BADGE.)

VERSE 1.

Mary Yeula Westcott
Maude H. Briss
Nannie Clark Barr
Jessie Freeman Foster
Louisa F. Spear
Margaret Elizabeth Allen
Helen Parsons
Helen Margaret Lewis
Catharine H. Straker
Marion Annette Evans
Anita Nathan
Doris F. Halman
E. Babette Deutsch
Elizabeth P. James
Lillie G. Menary
Olive Mudie Cooke
Katharine H. Neumann
Aileen Hyland
Gerald Jackson Pyle
Florence Alvarez
Isabella Strathy
Maud Dudley Shackelford
Catharine E. Jackson
Alice Blaine Damrosch
Ethel B. Youngs
Alice Cone
Jeannette Munro

VERSE 2.

Elizabeth Toof
Louisa Lenoir Thomas
Gladys Fuller
Jeannette Furdum
Floy DeGrove Baker
Mary McCarthy
Dorothy Pell
Anna Eveleth Holman
Lois M. Cunningham
Anna Betts
Constance Allen
Agnes A. Foster
Ruth M. Western
Martha Harold
Frances W. Learned
Ethel Epstein
Buford Brice
Frank MacDonald
Sleeper
Agatha Brown
Isabel D. Weaver
Jane Griffith
Sylvia Harding
Elizabeth Cook
Lois A. Kelley
Muriel Wheeler
Gardner Dunton
Marion E. Ryan
May Gormley
Helen M. Ogden

PROSE 1.

Mallory W. Webster
Lael Maera Carlock
Theodora Townsend
Mary Berdan Buckingham
Walter Bastian
Helen Whitman
Percy R. Lewis
Elizabeth Wilcox
Pardee
Donald Brightman
Josephine Taylor
Florence Rutherford
T. Smith
Virginia B. Spencer
E. Bunting Moore
Gertrude Emerson
Mary L. Bowers
Alice Nahoalelua
Walter Otey McClellan
Grace Gates
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Ernest F. Bishop
James Hooper Dorsey
Emily Mann Chisolm
Julia Musser
Marguerite Brantley
Knowles Entrikin
Ellen G. Williams
Richard Mendenhall
Cox
Rachel McNair Talbott
Dorothy Wells Atkinson
Margaret F. Grant
Katherine C. Bryan

Dorothy Hanvey
Leonora Branch
Josephine E. Swain
Elizabeth Russel Marvin
Frieda Rabinowitz
Bess Werneck
Philip W. Thayer
Gretchen E. Near
Percival U. Birdseye
Susan Evans Hoyt
Arthur Nisbett Eagles, Jr.
Miriam Jones
Alys Marion Modell

PROSE 2.

Frank Hamilton
Bertha Daniel
Margaret Reed
Emily Thomas
Ellen B. Steel
Hilda W. Merrett
Helen F. Price
John Clement
Ruth M. Towle
Lena Duncan
Laurence Burton
Maude Louise Strayer
Delina Patnode
Dorothy Hardy
Elinor H. Merrell
Edith Archer
Junia Fairfield
Frances A. Emmons
Beulah Elizabeth Amidon
Anne Heidenheim



"AN OLD RELIC." BY ARTHUR
T. OCHTMAN, AGE 10.

John G. Dantszen
Dorothy Kuhns
Eleanor Scott Smith
Clara Allen
A. C. Sherman, Jr.
Dorothy Fox
Sophie F. Mickle
Helen English Scott
Rosamond Johnston
Walker
Chauncey M. Butler
Carl Gutzzeit
Margaret E. Sangster
Elizabeth K. Stark
Thomas Turnbull, 3
William Gould Dow
Jean M. Batchelor
Lois Kelly
Eleanor L. Wilson

DRAWING 1.

Sylvia Allen
Gladys Memminger
Helen Bradley
Mary Falconer
Gertrude Bihuber
Dorothy Fols
Arthur F. Ochtman
Louisa G. Davis
Katherine Dulcebella Barbour
E. Ussher
Margaret Dobson
Josephine Marion Holloway
Mary S. Schaeffer
Cordner Smith
Ruth Maurer
Charlotte Waugh
Anna Zollars
Charlotte Gilder
Maudie Sinclair
Vera Marie Demens
Mary R. Paul
Julian Tilton
Alice I. Mackey
Phoebe Hunter
Lucia Ellen Halstead
Emma Sutton Carter
Edna Cotter
B. Cook
Ruth Cutler
Louise Gleason
Rachel Bulley
Grace F. Slack
Dorothy Berry
Albert Elaner
Carina Eaglesfield
Ruth E. Duncan
Charlotte Waugh
Helen O. C. Brown
Donald Wayne
Ellen E. Preston
Alice I. Sweet
Earl Park

Marguerite McCormick
S. F. McNeill

DRAWING 2.

Edward Juntunen
Julia Wilcox Smith
Annie Maxwell
Marian Walter
John Orth
Beatrice Buel
Katherine Mary Keeler
Joseph Burchfield
Archibald MacKinnon
Florence Webster
Henry Neuman
Helen Copeland
Bertha G. Stone
Lucy Marcel
Edna Jessup Smith
Charlotte Mae Cook
Rena Kellner
Julius Metzger
Emmy Rusack
Sidney Edward Dickinson
Rosela Ackerman
Mildred Whitney
Robinson Payson
Selma Louise Ross-masser
John W. Dunn
Louise Risher
Marjorie T. Caldwell
Mayme Jones
Elizabeth MacDougall
Howard Easton Smith
Grace Cutter Stone
Mary Joplin Clarke
Marie Begouin
Elizabeth Eckel
Joyce M. Slocum
Eunice L. Hone
Helen Chapin
Ellen Zwicker
Harold Wish
Adelaide Chamberlain
Alice R. Davis
Margaret Duryea
Beatrice Eugenia Carlton
Marjorie E. Chase
Elizabeth Rosehand
Dorothy DeBevoise
Dorothy Wallace
Rachel Lewis
Gertrude Crane
Anna Morrison
Max C. Holmes
Josephine Muir
Frances Caldwell
Frank H. Smith
Helen K. Merriam
J. Rowland Joiner
Evelyn Buchanan
G. R. Mosle
Dorothy Mason
Adele Brown
Grace H. Brown
Gaylord M. Gates
Ina F. Greene
Muriel E. Halstead
Lucile Butler
Solomon Slomka
Carroll E. Pierce
Alice W. Hinds
Fannie Bean
Helen Case
Edna Hawley
Lily Eckstein
Elizabeth Jarvis Winn
Marian Walter
Colman Schwarzenberg
Harold R. Maule
Ralph B. Thompson
Beulah Elizabeth Amidon
Courtland Christiani
Paul V. Ulen
Louise W. Tener

Carol Sherman
Stephen Benson
Carol Nichols
Katharine Arnold
Ray McCallum
George Valliant
William Mills
Francis T. Mack
Alma Ward
Mary Daniel Gordon
Edna M. Hawley
J. Donald McCutcheon
Catharine Ely Mann
Roy E. Hutchinson
Anna A. Flichtner
Elizabeth Kirchbaum
Mary Woods
Dorothea Lake Lyster
Marjorie E. Chase
Emily W. Browne
Hildegard Nicholas
Beth May
John Orth
Alice Shirley Willis
Bessie E. Gilman
Rena Kellner
Robert Calladine
Eason
Margaret M. Albert

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Lowell P. Emerson
N. J. Now
Lenore Dunlap
Josephine Marion Holloway
Mary C. Smith
J. Parsons Greenleaf
Alice Darrow
Ruth Ball Baker
Ralph Crozier
Frances Gulick
Jean S. Davis
William Chisholm
James S. Armstrong
Celeste Dorr
Pendleton Schenck
Kirtland Flynn
Dwight Tenney
Cornelia Ellinwood
Lauren Ford
Lila R. Paige
Marguerite L. Ra'ner
H. Ernest Bell
Susan J. Appleton
R. H. Jarvis
Nellie Shane
Harry J. Polk
Wilson H. Roess
Moulton Barlett
Oran E. Dyer

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

W. Foster
Seward W. Erich
Rowley Murphy
Ruth Seeley
Dorothy Tenney
James W. Davie
W. McDougall
Robert Walsh
Katharine Stoddard
William
Anna E. Greenleaf
R. H. Catlett, Jr.
Harold Brown
Horace J. Palmer
Elsie Bishop Buckingham
Amy Peabody
Alice Nielsen
Fannie M. Stern
Charles M. Foulke, Jr.
Marian Drury
Marjorie E. Parks
Justina Rennie
Erol H. Locke
Stuart B. Taylor
Robert Swanton Platt

Joel E. Fisher
Briar Scott
John S. Perry
John Emlen Bullock

PUZZLE 1.

Mary Graham Bonner
Frederic P. Storke
Clara Beth Haven
Harry W. Hazard, Jr.
Paul R. Deschere
E. Adelaide Hahn
Dorothea S. Walker
Nils Fleming

Gertrude Hussey
Gertrude Purves
Margaret Loving
Caroline C. Johnson
Reginald A. Utley
Edmund F. Shaw
Blanche Rose
Edith Younghem
Ralph T. Catterall
Katharine R. Neumann
Clarina Hanks
Dorothy Pell
Frances H. Jackson
Dorothy Rutherford
Maria Dimpfel

PUZZLE 2.

Margaret Williams
Alice Lowenhaupt
Arthur Blue
Martha F. McCallis
Harold Brown
Dorothy L. Anderson
Muriel Oakes
Irma A. Hill
Charles C. Amidon
Anne H. Whiting
Franklin Mohr
Mahlon Schnacke

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 892. "Laetae Sex." Anna Burdett, President; Elizabeth Hart, Secretary; three members. Address, 7 Mishawum Road, Woburn, Mass.

No. 893. Joseph W. Homer, President; Edith Reid, Secretary; three members. Address, 18 Elm St., Worcester, Mass.

No. 894. Julius Winterfeld, President; Ferdinand Oppenheim, Secretary; eight members. Address, 22 Mount Morris Park, W. New York City.

No. 895. "N. A." Max C. Holmes, President; Ralph Ensign, Secretary; five members. Address, Box 35, Detroit, Minn.

No. 896. Michael Rotheisen, President; Louis Feldman, Secretary; ten members. Address, care of Chicago Boys Club, 262 State St., Chicago, Ill.

No. 897. "The Laetae Sex." Mary Blake, Secretary. Address, Woburn, Mass.

JEFFERSON, WISCONSIN.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Chapter 847 gave a cake sale last Saturday and made four dollars. This they gave toward the soldier's monument which will be erected this summer. They have a good deal of money in their treasury and intend to buy books for a chapter library. We would like to receive suggestions for some good inexpensive books.

Your loving reader,

LORRAINE GRIMM,
President.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our Chapter has been getting along finely since it started about two years ago.

We have done several things for the benefit of the Chase Children's Home of this city, but the one that I think would interest you most is the fair that we gave last April.

It was held in the Colonial dining-room of a hotel here on the 30th day of April, 1905.

We had a candy table, a fancy table and a flower table. The room was lighted by electricity and the flower table was in the centre back-ground with the fancy and candy tables one on either side of it.

There are six members in our Chapter and so there were two at each table.

Each member wore a Dutch cap and apron with a bunch of May flowers on one shoulder.

The admission was seven cents and every seventh person was admitted free and every article on sale was seven or a multiple of seven cents.

The net amount was seventy-seven dollars and seventy-seven cents. Was it not peculiar that that should be the net amount when it was a seven cent fair?

Besides the fair we have given the children of the Home a large scrap book, ice cream and cake at Christmas time, a "Jack Horner" pie filled with home-made candy at Thanksgiving, valentines on St. Valentine's Day and last Washington's birthday we gave them a cake with his name on it.

With the hope that this letter will prove interesting to you and perhaps your readers,

I am, ever your devoted enthusiast,
CLARICE BARRY, (age 13 years)
Secretary of the Cozy Corner Club, Chapter
No. 754.

Other interesting and welcome letters have been received from The St. Gabriel Chapter, Chicago Boys Club, Van K. Allison, Margery Blake, Mary Pemberton Nourse, Ralph W. Ensign, Sylvia Platt, Cora Faye Donaldson, John E. Burke, Grace Pearson Whitman, Pierre W. Laurens, Helen F. Greene, Esther Foss, William Baxter, Alwyn C. B. Nicolson, Louise Willard Rodgers, John L. Taylor.



"HEADING." BY C. R. LARRABEE, AGE 7.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 81.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place. "Wild Animal and Bird Photograph" prize-winners winning the cash prize will not receive a second badge.

Competition No. 81 will close July 20 (for foreign members July 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in St. NICHOLAS for November.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title, to contain the word "Orchard."

Prose. Story or article of not more than four hundred words. Subject, "Description of a fire." Must be true.

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "The Brook."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Two subjects, "The Old Fence" and a Heading or Tailpiece for November.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of St. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of St. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: The St. Nicholas League, Union Square, New York.



"AN OLD RELIC." BY DOROTHY HILL, AGE 12.

BOOKS AND READING.

FOURTH OF JULY. If you had asked any small boy on the glorious Fourth what he was celebrating, I have no doubt he would have told you, in some form or other; but if you began by calling the Fourth a "Literary Anniversary," even a well-grown boy might be surprised, not realizing that the great event celebrated by means of so much noise, so much fire, and so much enthusiasm, is the publication of a document. It was the Declaration of Independence that made Independence Day, and that document was only a piece of writing signed by a number of gentlemen for their friends and neighbors. It was a challenge, the knocking of a chip from the shoulder of George III, for, really, the fight was more against him and his ministers than against the British. We claim, therefore, even the Fourth of July for the Books and Reading department, as a literary anniversary.

A STUDENT IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS. FROM the "Memoirs of Henri de Mesmes" is quoted a passage that gives a rather startling idea of the work done by law-students in the sixteenth century. The rising hour was four o'clock; prayers, at about five, were followed immediately by the study-hour, when the students, with big books under their arms, and carrying inkhorns and candles, settled themselves to their work before it was light. Work continued until ten, and was followed by dinner, the only change of occupation being during one half hour when notes of the lectures were compared by the students. After dinner, came recreation; but do not imagine that these young fellows wasted their time in frivolous games. Their "recreation" consisted in reading Sophocles, Aristophanes, Euripides, Demosthenes, Virgil, or Horace! If such was the play-time, one wonders what the study-hours could have been. Refreshed by these light amusements, the students returned at one o'clock to their tasks, which continued until six. After supper, the modern boy or girl would certainly have considered a fair amount of rest or amusement to be earned by such a day's work; but these sixteenth cen-

tury boys read Greek or Latin in the evening. The writer, Henri himself, ends his account by saying, "On holy days we went to high mass and vespers; the rest of the days a little music and walks."

However, we need not waste sympathy upon the students, for the editor who prints the extract suggests that even in these old times the students found something more amusing than going to church, and that in these passages we have quoted he was explaining to the folks at home how hard he studied.

GREAT THOUGHTS BECOME COMMON PLACES. SOMETIMES in taking up a book that is celebrated, one has a sense of disappointment upon finding that the ideas expressed are commonplace or are "what everybody knows."

But we must not forget that as a British essayist puts it, "The genius of the past is in the atmosphere we breathe"; by which he means that the thoughts of great masters have now gone into the possession of all of us. The first genius who discovered that the earth moved round the sun is none the less great because the same truth is taught to-day to little toddlers who have just learned to read. It was a very clever remark of a bright writer that it was a brave man who first ate oysters, and yet that feat is performed by many without a thought of heroism.

By the way, is there not some young friend of ours who will let us know who made this very reflection about eating the first oyster?

WORDS AS SYMBOLS. IT used to be the fashion to have books of Definitions, so that children could learn the meanings of words and how to distinguish them from one another. If such is still the fashion, you know already how hard it is to give in a few words the meaning of a well-known term; and yet we can understand the writings of any author only by clearly knowing the meaning of each word he uses. There is nothing more difficult to define than a familiar word, and the more familiar the word the more difficult it usually is to define.

Not many months ago a London magazine asked its readers to define in a short sentence

the word "Home." There were more than eight hundred replies, and from these the five below were put first in rank. These sentences are none of them true definitions, being more like epigrams.

1. Home: a world of strife shut out; a world of love shut in.
2. Home: the place where the small are great and the great are small.
3. Home: the father's kingdom; the mother's world, and the child's paradise.
4. Home: the place where we grumble the most and are treated the best.
5. Home: the center of our affections, round which our heart's best wishes twine.

No doubt you all are aware that words are only symbols, and like symbols they stand at one time for one thing and at another for something very different. The word "house," for example, may mean anything from a dog's kennel to a palace, and yet it is through word-symbols as vague that writers must let us know their ideas.

"YANKEE DOODLE." A writer from Anaconda, Montana, is kind enough to come to our aid with an explanation of the word "macaroni." He also gives us a number of interesting items about other terms in the song "Yankee Doodle." It appears that there was an old English song making fun of Oliver Cromwell and beginning:

"Nankey Doodle came to town
Riding on a pony,
With a feather in his hat
Upon a macaroni."

According to the dictionaries, "doodle" means a trifle; "nankey" may possibly be the same word that we see often in Shakespeare's plays as "nunky," or uncle. So "nankey doodle" would be a term of derision easily changed into *Yankee* doodle when the word Yankee came to be applied to New Englanders.

As for "macaroni," it is a word with a long history. Our young correspondent says that in the verse sent us "macaroni" means a knot of ribbon on a hat; but in the song we all know so well it would appear to be used in precisely the sense in which young people now use the word "dandy," and with the same meaning. A full explanation of this will be found by consulting the Century Dictionary.

A SONG OF THE FAIRIES. AMONG the Elizabethan poets of far more renown in their own day than in ours, is William Lyly, known to all students of English literature as the one who brought into fashion that taste for high-flown and stilted language known as euphuism. And yet, to show that he was able to write in the simplest and plainest words, what proof could be better than this exquisite little "Song of the Fairies?"

"By the moon we sport and play;
With the night begins our day:
As we dance, the dew doth fall,
Trip it, little urchins all,
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two and three by three;
And about go we, and about go we."

What could be a prettier bit of verse to teach to a little brother or sister who was just beginning to learn about the fairies? There is but one word in it that even the youngest might stumble over, the word "urchins." But what does he mean by speaking of tripping as lightly as a bee? Certainly bees do not "trip."

WE receive many letters BOOK-GLUTTONY. that are exceedingly interesting to us, and yet when we think how many thousands of readers look at these pages, we hesitate to show you any letter that is not very well worth while. Here, for instance, is a letter from Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, containing a list of books read in *one month* by a girl whose handwriting shows her to be about fifteen. There are twenty-five books, nearly all of considerable length. We can only hope that she does not mean what she says, and that the books were read in a *year* rather than in a month. Among them are "Gulliver's Travels," "The Last of the Mohicans," "Westward Ho!" Miss Yonge's "Book of Golden Deeds," and "The Gorilla Hunters."

Four such books would be an over-dose for a month's reading. Our excuse in criticizing her list is found in her inquiry what we think of it. We think it indicates book-gluttony. If she cannot read more slowly she should read in some foreign language that would compel her to think over each sentence read. This is an excellent remedy for careless reading. She may have only meant that she read somewhat of each.

THE LETTER-BOX.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last summer we spent the month of July at Alexandria Bay, New York, on the St. Lawrence river. We were launching nearly every day. Occasionally we would fish, never having any luck, however; perhaps we would catch only a few perch. We met a man there, who had a few summers before caught a muskelonge weighing fifty-five pounds. They are rarely ever caught. To catch one weighing so much is a very unusual thing. I enjoy reading your letters each time you come. Your devoted reader,

LESTER COFFEEN (age 13).

DULUTH, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last Autumn were seen a great many bears in the city limits.

One day when I was driving with a party of fifteen children, three bears, a big one and two little ones, came out of the woods in front of us and walked across the road to the woods on the other side and did not seem afraid.

I have seen three wild deer also in the city limits. A porcupine came in our yard and climbed a tree, a

branch bent way over and almost dropped him. He stayed in the tree about fifteen minutes, then got down and waddled away, and looked so very funny.

Another day I saw a queer kind of an animal, which I do not know. It was not a wild cat. If I described it, perhaps you will know. The fur looked like a cat's. It was the size of an Irish terrier. I thought its face looked like an owl's.

I fear my letter is getting too long, so I will say good-by. Your loving friend,

PENELOPE TURLE (age 9).

MANDARIN, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for three years and my brother took you for one or two years, when he was here. His name is Vincent Nicholl. He is in England now. He and our Cousin Wynne Nicholl take you.

I think that "Pinkey Perkins; Just a Boy," and "The Crimson Sweater," are my favorites.

Sometime I will write and tell you about my pets.

From your loving reader,

MARGARET A. NICHOLL (age 11).

THEN AND NOW.

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

Oh, tiny was the village
And stern the teacher's rule,
And cold the little school-house
When Franklin went to school.

The crier's bell was ringing
Along the public way;
No boys called daily papers
In Cotton Mather's day.

There was no unseen message
With battle news to fly,
And telephones were wanting,
When Paul Revere rode by.

No motor cars nor autos
Through town and country flew,
Nor hummed along the highways,
That Daniel Webster knew.

Let him that cares to, envy
The boys of yesterday
Who knew the race of heroes—
We like the modern way,

When wonders all about us
Have only just begun,
And every day there's something
That's new beneath the sun.

Oh, tiny was the village,
And stern the teacher's rule—
But in the mighty cities
New Franklins go to school;

New voices speak with wisdom,
Strong arms lift Freedom high,
And swift for country's honor
New Paul Reveres ride by.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER.

CHARADE. Stub-born.

WORD SQUARE. 1. Clamp. 2. Lamia. 3. Among. 4. Mince. 5. Pages.

ENTOMOLOGICAL NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Will you walk into my parlor," said the spider to the fly."

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, George Eliot; 3 to 4, Silas Marner. Cross-words: 1. Graces. 2. Debris. 3. Violet. 4. Quarry. 5. Assign. 6. Marble. 7. Carpet. 8. Parley. 9. Prince. 10. Hornet. 11. Terror.

AVIAN NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below." "DICKENS IN CAMP."

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Socrates. 1. Basin. 2. Crown. 3. Laces. 4. Forty. 5. Crane. 6. Dates. 7. Spear. 8. Casks.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Geo. M. Murray—E. W. White—H. Beaty—"Duluth"—M. Griffith—F. Lowenhaupt—J. Slocum—C. Hutton—John F. Simons—B. W. Smith—L. Treadwell—E. G. Coombs—W. Woodcock—N. Ott—H. M. Sea—Jo and I—M. Mullins—Jas. A. Lynd—H. Scofield—"Alli and Adi"—Nessie and Freddie—F. Alvarez—L. E. Jones—W. S. Maulsby—A. R. Lane.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from G. Moore, 1—R. W. Moore, 1—J. McK. Sanford, 1—E. M. Warden, 1—E. Dashiell, 1—F. Dawson, 6—N. C. Jacobson, 1—E. P. Shaw, 3—J. Little, 1—E. Meyle, 3—A. M. Holmes, 1—L. B. Emmons, 6—R. Jacobs, 6—R. H. Clemenshaw, 1—E. Delo, 6—A. Stites, 1.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from E. Steiner—A. Lowenhaupt—Larry and Lindley—H. Elger, Jr.—F. R. Moody—W. Beaty—H. S. Harlow—Peggy and Mother—H. T. Sachs—J. F. Simons—J. A. Lynd—C. C. Johnson—"Duluth"—F. Umscheid—W. H. Bartlett—M. L. Mooney—H. S. Hill—P. W. Laurens—J. and E. Hopkins—P. R. Deschere—C. H. Smith—F. G. Switzer—A. C. Darkow—J. R. Bryan—J. I. Pearce, 3d—M. A. Jones—L. F. Ruggles—W. M. Moody—F. Dunn—H. F. Armstrong—H. Scofield—L. A. Biggers and Mother—Elsie, Lacy and Tillie—"Alli and Adi"—Jo and I—Nessie and Freddie—M. Griffith—A. R. Lane—N. Zarif—A. Mante.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from J. E. Burke, 3—A. Haupt, 1—S. C. Williams, 1—E. Noble, 1—M. Brooke, 1—K. A. Williams, 1—N. M. G. Ford, 1—R. Clemenshaw, 1—P. G. Kase, 7—D. K. Ford, 1—H. P. Browning, 1—J. Little, 1—M. Thomas, 1—E. M. Godwin, 1—A. H. Wright, 6—DeW. Peck, 3—N. W. Richardson, 4—D. Rouse, 2—E. Crawford, 1—M. Young, 1—M. Eckart, 1—M. I. Skelton, 1—D. Michael, 1—E. Meyle, 6—M. Brown, 6—J. W. Baxter, 4—C. Dickey, 1—M. Bartlett, 7—E. P. Shaw, 2—G. Torrey, 1—E. Lord, 7—D. Wright, 4—E. Underwood, 3—C. J. Gladding, 1—S. Dashiell, 3—C. S. Bayne, 1—R. L. Seelman, 3—H. L. Patch, 7—G. M. Murray, 4—A. M. Pemberton, 1.

CHARADE

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My first is at the end of day;
My second 's a common little word;
My last is what all sailors dread;
My whole 's a sweetly singing bird.

ARTHUR DAVIDSON.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1. DOUBLY behead and doubly curtail notwithstanding, and leave a pronoun. 2. Abashed, and leave a kind of meat. 3. A warm garment, and leave to consume. 4. A glass bottle, and leave cannot. 5. To fix, and leave moved swiftly. 6. A fleeting view, and leave a sprite. 7. Commented, and leave to brand. 8. Determine, and leave the sun. 9. Leered, and leave a grain beloved by horses. 10. Ignorant, and leave a time of darkness. 11. A dweller, and leave the margin of a surface. 12. Mourned, and leave to cry. 13. Larger, and leave to consume. 14. Precisely, and leave to perform. 15.

Tried, and leave to incite. 16. More distinct, and leave a part of the head. 17. Dressed, and leave a beam from the sun.

When these words have been rightly guessed, doubly beheaded and doubly curtailed, the initials of the seventeen words remaining will spell the name of a story now running in St. Nicholas.

BUFORD BRICE.

IRREGULAR DIAGONALS

1	.	.	3
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CROSS-WORDS: 1. A small piece of pasteboard. 2. To send by water. 3. A cicatrix. 4. Gumbo. 5. A girdle. 6. To curve. 7. Wrong doings.

From 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4 spell the name of a famous writer.

"MARLBOROUGH."

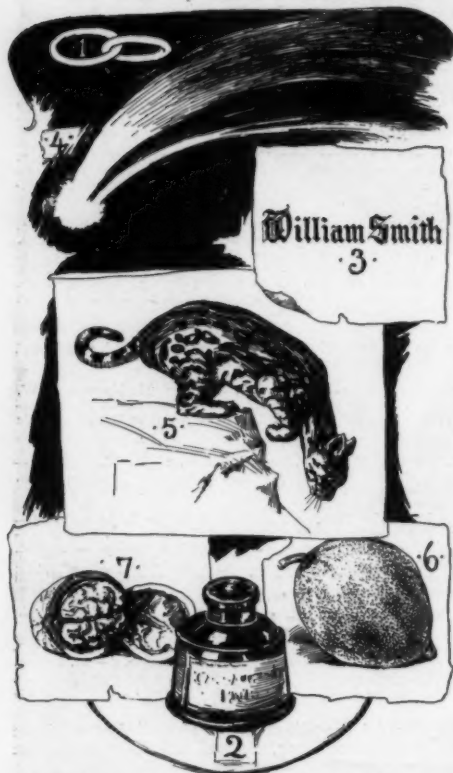
CHARADE

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My *first* may be a bed of rock,
It may be coarse or fine;
My *second* is an ornament
Which comes from out the mine;
My *whole* is sometimes thought a sin,
But often helps commanders win.

G. HUNTINGTON WILLIAMS, JR.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.



When the above seven objects have been rightly named and written one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous American. Designed by HENRY W. KIRBY (League Member).

ADDITIONS

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

(EXAMPLE: Add R and I to a famous Italian poet, rearrange and make drilled. Answer, Dante, trained.)

1. Add *a* and *e* to a large box, rearrange, and make property which falls to the state, for want of heirs.
2. Add *a* and *a* to arbor, rearrange, and make a beautiful Easter plant.
3. Add *s* and *h* to a staff showing authority, rearrange, and make a sagamore.
4. Add *d* and *u* to a substance used in brewing, rearrange, and make a book of Hebrew laws.

5. Add *f* and *e* to a rural festival, rearrange, and make worn out.

6. Add *u* and *r* to a horned animal, rearrange, and make a highly seasoned stew.

7. Add *s* and *c* to silent, rearrange, and make military science.

8. Add *s* and *e* to profit, rearrange, and make a polygon whose angles are equal.

9. Add *r* and *y* to a nickname for father, rearrange, and make a wood nymph.

10. Add *i* and *x* to a shelter for doves, rearrange, and make foreign.

The initials of the new words will spell a Spring festival.

ISABEL MCGILLIS.

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC

WHEN birds are in the tree tops
And all the world's in tune,
Go seek, with loving eyes and hands,
The perfect gift of June.

CROSS-WORDS:

1. WHEN Willie saw a terrapin moving up the street,
2. He said a horror held him and paralyzed his feet.
3. He saw a place secure from foes upon his neighbor's stoop,
4. When up it crawled and grinning said, "Do use me in the soup."

ANNA M. PRATT.

WORD-SQUARES.

1. PART of a door.
 2. A bird.
 3. To turn aside.
 4. To absorb.
 5. To penetrate.
1. A HARD substance.
 2. A stout cord.
 3. A precious stone.
 4. A feminine nickname.

A. WILLIAMS and R. WISNER (League Members).

ENCLOSED DOUBLE DIAMOND.

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CROSS-WORDS: 1. Wished for. 2. A wrench for unscrewing the couplings of a hose. 3. Seasons of the year. 4. A detached bastion. 5. Everlasting. 6. Disproves. 7. Most loved. 8. Headresses. 9. Impaled. 10. To join.

I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In Runic. 2. A feminine name. 3. To bury. 4. A snare. 5. In Runic.

II. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In Runic. 2. A verb. 3. Belonging to a city. 4. Part of the head. 5. In Runic.

From 1 to 2, a word meaning "between cities."

C. E. W.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and my finals each name a battle fought in July.

CROSS-WORDS (of unequal length): 1. To earn by service. 2. A mountain system in Siberia. 3. Brief and pithy. 4. A fiery mountain. 5. Pertaining to Europe. 6. Circular. 7. The god of the sea. 8. A Trojan champion. 9. A deep blue color. 10. That which lades or constitutes a load or cargo. 11. Melted rock.

ELIZABETH DAVIS.

Ag 06



"THE ROSES STOOD UP SIMULTANEOUSLY, REGARDING EACH OTHER WITH
GLANCES OF HAUGHTY AND INDIGNANT REPROACH."

(See page 869.)